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HARPER'S WEEKLY

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PROGRAMME OF DEWEY EXERCISES—*Pages 986 and 988*

HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XLIII.—No. 2232

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1899

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THE THREE ADMIRALS OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY.

[SEE PAGE 958.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY

(FIFTY-TWO PAGES)
WITH AN ILLUMINATED COVER

NEW YORK CITY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1899

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The special feature of the next number of HARPER'S WEEKLY *will be the illustration of the festivities and exercises attending* ADMIRAL DEWEY'S *reception in New York city. Every portion of the ceremonies will be exhaustively treated, both in drawings by well-known artists, and through photographs by our special photographers.*

Celebrating a New Era

IT is doubtful whether so many persons were ever before gathered together in one place as there are to-day in New York to welcome Admiral DEWEY. The only great concourse in history that can be compared with this incalculable company is the crowd that went to London from all parts of the British Empire to celebrate the Queen's Jubilee. Not only have these two days been officially designated as holidays, but the whole people have enthusiastically given themselves up to the celebration as a duty and a privilege. The welcome to the returning Admiral is national, and it is without precedent in magnitude and spontaneity and enthusiasm.

If we call the roll of heroes known personally to the generations still living, and the attitude of the people towards them, we can realize more fully than in any other way the fine moral elevation of the people in the moment when they are giving supreme expression to their hero-worship. The country has stood in mass in our day at three great funerals—the funerals of LINCOLN, FARRAGUT, and GRANT—and it stood in mass also in Washington to receive the returning heroes of the civil war. In almost every city and hamlet of the land the heroic patriots of wars that have gone into history have been welcomed and wined, and, living or dead, their deeds and themselves have given to their fellow-countrymen a pure joy which has been as a religious inspiration to those who felt it.

This is the great value of such days as these through which we are passing. From one end of the country to the other a strong uplifting wave of idealism is passing. DEWEY is not the object of adulation. It is not he *in propriâ personâ* who is the recipient of all this homage. It is what DEWEY stands for that is stirring men's souls and turning the working-days of the week into a universal holiday. DEWEY means heroic achievement—the achievement of a simple American citizen wearing the uniform of an officer of the United States navy. He is the embodied national character. He stands for what we think we are, for what on many an occasion we have proved to be—wisely reckless and swiftly sure.

The home-coming of the Admiral is therefore a moral stimulant. It leads us, compels us, we may say, to higher thoughts than those of our daily life. We do not cheer the rank, nor the navy, nor only the man himself; but we feel in our inmost hearts a perfect gladness that there are still such men, and that an American has shown himself to be one of the highest types of them.

But a deeper meaning is not far to seek. First it is the impulsive approval of a brave and patriotic deed. The admiration of courage in the service of the country is as deep-seated and as widely diffused in the American people as it ever was in any people under the sun; there is reason, in fact, to suspect that one result of more than two centuries of adventurous life in subduing this continent and in building and in saving the nation has been to instil into the American temper a somewhat keener appreciation of personal bravery when it is shown in a good cause than ever before pervaded any large body of mankind. The battle of Manila will hardly be ranked among the half-dozen greatest sea-fights of history, partly because the matter at stake did not involve the life of a growing civilization, and partly because the victory was so complete as to obscure, or at least to belittle, the strength of the enemy. But one thing is certain—the personal courage displayed by the Admiral, by his captains, and by his fleet was as great as was ever displayed by seamen in all the dangers of naval warfare. Men who solemnly, unflinchingly, and even with a certain gayety of spirit, welcomed a duty that led them apparently into the very jaws of death—there is no degree of patriotic courage beyond this; and no man could have predicted the destruction of the Spanish fleet without the loss of a man. In the calendar of heroic deeds the exploit will have a permanent place, and Admiral DEWEY will be ranked among the naval heroes of all time.

But these unnumbered people from every part of the Union have not come together to welcome the Admiral home only because they admire his courage; for nearly a year and a half has passed since the battle of Manila, and merely as an exploit it has been told in picture and narrative over and over again, till the novelty of the story is gone. There is a deeper meaning of this universal enthusiasm. It is one method of expressing the national consciousness of a new era and of a wider outlook on the world. Admiral DEWEY recalls and stands for not only the battle of Manila, but the wider view that has followed from our victory in the Philippine Islands, our further-reaching responsibilities, our more definite entry into the front rank of great powers, and our larger share henceforth in world-politics. The temporary and noisy controversy between the "Imperialists" and the "anti-Imperialists" (to accept the very bungling names that have come into use) may for the moment mislead those who study public opinion in its superficial aspects. But if any man doubts the settled determination of the people of this country solemnly to accept the grave responsibilities that events have thrust upon us in the Far East, he reads wrong the deeper meaning of this great DEWEY welcome. If the whole nation were not profoundly and instinctively in favor of a manly discharge of our duty to civilization in this Asiatic archipelago, the welcome to the Admiral would still be hearty, but it would not be so distinctly national; for national it is in temper, in magnitude, in zest—more national than it would have been if he had come home a year ago, even though at that time his victory would have been a fresher subject for celebration. Within this year and a half the horizon of the people has become broader, and their consciousness of other tasks in the world than domestic tasks has become deeper. The welcome to the Admiral is no less significant as a personal tribute because it is at the same time an expression of a new national consciousness; but there is no adequate explanation of the occasion that does not take note of its deeper meaning as our own recognition of our new place in the world of the future.

We now think in terms of three continents, and there is a most wholesome stimulus to the imagination in the brilliancy and enthusiasm of the occasion. The Admiral's guns opened a new world to our thought, a new era in our national development—took us out of ourselves and called us to the exercise of our constructive faculties as promoters of civilization in a long-neglected part of the world. We celebrate his victory, his courage, his admirable bearing. We give evidence, likewise, of our appreciation of our own duty in the new world of the Pacific. All other noteworthy celebrations in our history have been of great events at home. To-day we present the spectacle of an awakened people looking outward—solemnly aware of its high duty in the larger world and of its grave responsibilities.

The Pardon of Dreyfus

DREYFUS has been pardoned, as it was announced that he would be almost before the ink was dry on the startling judgment which Colonel JOUAUST delivered in the name of the Rennes court martial. It is good for DREYFUS, and, in a way, it is good for France, that President LOUBET should have granted this pardon with the consent of his council of ministers, and that France should have received the news of the act of grace without a murmur of disapprobation. But on the main issue France is still degraded, and the pardon only emphasizes the disgrace. It is now clear that neither the court nor the government believed that DREYFUS was proved to be guilty. By recommending him to mercy, and by granting the petition, the judges and the President have in effect declared that DREYFUS was not guilty, or at least had not been proved guilty. But in order to give full effect to their conviction, the court declared him guilty and the President pardoned him. It is a roundabout way to do justice to an innocent man, and one that is not consistent either with courage or honesty. As a matter of fact, of course, it was an effort to shield the generals of the army, who, whether they were honest or not in at first believing DREYFUS guilty, were, at the hearing on the question of revision and at the Rennes court martial, guilty of perjury, subornation of perjury, stealing public documents, and were connivers at and beneficiaries of forgery. It is said that it is necessary that these generals shall be protected in order that discipline in the army may be preserved. If it be true that the French army is so rotten that it is more loyal to its chiefs, bad or good, than it is to law and to the nation, it is high time for France to disband her military force and to take her place by the side of her peaceful, happy, and prosperous neighbors, Holland and Switzerland. France is already a second-rate power, as powers are counted, say, by Russia. She can become a power of the first influence only by putting law upon the throne and militarism at its feet. Only a reversal of the judgment at Rennes and the punishment and degradation of the criminals of the general staff can restore the national health, and lift up what are, in many respects, the most charming country and people in the world to the place which they used and which they ought again to occupy.

The Conferences on Trusts

THE conference on trusts that met and talked at Chicago was wisely managed. We cannot recall a meeting of a similar nature that refrained from passing resolutions or formulating a creed or constructing a platform. But this conference was content to discuss the subject, and to let the discussion count for what it was worth on public opinion, and it cannot be said that it lent itself to any political party or movement. It has taken our reformers a long time to learn that publicity is the best instrument they have for affecting public opinion; but the conduct of this conference shows that the lesson is appreciated, at least by the Civic Union of Chicago. The effect of the conference will be far greater than if any conceivable set of resolutions had been adopted.

One essential fact of value emphasized by the discussion is this—that no ready-made remedy for economic evils lies close at hand. The meeting made clear to the public mind the difficulty and the complexity of the subject. Thoughtful students probably gained little information from the meeting, but its tendency was to make all men more serious in the presence of the grave difficulties that were presented.

In sharp contrast with this conference at Chicago was the subsequent meeting of the Governors of a dozen States, or less, at St. Louis to discuss the same subject. Almost every man that went to this meeting carried a resolution in his pocket, and almost every one is sure that his remedy for social and industrial wrongs is a good remedy. The result of such a meeting as this can be nothing more serious or valuable than a preparation for political use of the whole matter—this without criticism of the earnest purpose of the amateur economists who sit in many gubernatorial chairs.

About trusts one conclusion is plain—that the centralization of control in industries is a natural and inevitable result of the modern conditions of life. The tendency towards centralization may be called a primary force in modern life—one of the controlling forces. It is no more possible to stop such a tendency by legislative or political action than it would be to revert to the old-fashioned methods of transportation. No scientific student of large forces has pointed out any method of eradicating the so-called trusts; nor, indeed, would it be for the public welfare to prevent the concentration of control and responsibility in many industrial pursuits.

But the new conditions which make consolidations easy, and have made their formation a fashion, have been used by mere adventurers, contrary to the public welfare; so that the public has a case, and a good case, against the abuse of corporate and consolidating machinery. Behind all the political agitation of the subject, and the futile and ridiculous remedies that the politicians of the dissatisfied propose, lies a real cause of complaint. And solution seems a long way off. In the mean time, the best results must come from discussion and experiment; and these meetings have thrown trusts (which in the public mind stand for a large group of vexing economic subjects) into the foreground as the principal topic of discussion, for some time to come, alike for thoughtful men and for the political managers.

ADMIRAL GEORGE DEWEY. *By John Barrett*

THE fact that George Dewey was not generally known to the country before the declaration of war in April, 1898, adds great interest to the study of his life. When a man becomes famous in a day, as it were, the admiring world immediately asks who and what was he before this extraordinary achievement, and will he be equal to the responsibilities that will devolve upon him in the future? The latter question has been answered by a record of faithful and successful service during a year of supreme trial and anxiety, when he never left his post of duty at Manila for a day, even though all his officers and ships from time to time visited Hong-kong or some other northern port; such devotion and unselfishness alone would commend him to the welcome which he now receives on his return to America. The former inquiry develops for its answer a series of most instructive facts which warrant the conclusion that his whole preceding life had been a natural and logical preparation for the final test.

DEWEY'S BIRTHPLACE—AS IT WAS WHILE HE WAS A BOY.

Whether we attribute the selection of Dewey for the command of the Asiatic squadron in a critical hour to the prescience of a supreme guiding influence, to destiny or fate, on the one hand, or, on the other, to the practical wisdom of the President, acting on the recommendations of Senator Proctor and Assistant-Secretary Roosevelt, who knew their man, it is gratifying to every American to learn that if the choice had been left to him, after a study of Dewey's life and record, he would have reached the same conclusion. In other words, Dewey's blood, parentage, and environment of birth; his boyhood, bringing up, and school-days; his experience and training in the navy, and his ability and courage shown at all times—leave no doubt as to the quality of the man.

To fully understand the character of George Dewey, it is necessary to go back to his father. In all the attention that has been given the son, the quality and calibre of the sire have been overlooked. The world at large does not appreciate that the Admiral is the son of a great man as well as being a great man himself, but such is the truth. Fame does not always accompany true greatness. Dr. Julius Yemans Dewey may not have been known beyond the confines of Vermont, but had new responsibilities called him to a wider arena, he would have taken the same leading place there that he did in Montpelier. In studying the life of Dr. Dewey, we are almost convinced that his son George, in performing great deeds and winning imperishable fame, has accomplished what his father would have done if he had ever been called upon to meet any similar crisis in his own career.

The Admiral's father was successful in his profession and in business; he was a public-spirited citizen; he was fond of his family; he was a man of unimpeachable probity, of Christian character, honest, fearless, and yet generous, kind-hearted, and even tender in sympathy and affection. He was so earnest and courageous in opposing shams and hypocrites that he made enemies, but they respected while they hated him. There was in him a latent temper that, fired, would almost shrivel the one who had irritated him; but it only exhibited itself under great provocation, and subsided as quickly as it rose, provided it had done its work. Physically he was nearly a model well-built son of the Vermont hills; tall, broad-shouldered, deep-chested, and clean-limbed, he was impressive and handsome in appearance.

In all the country round, no other doctor carried such cheer into the sick-room, or wrought such wondrous cures where others had given up hope. In his marvellous fertility of resource he launched into business and founded a great insurance company, which is now the leading financial institution of the State. When, in its early days of trial, dangers beset it, he staked with characteristic honor all his own fortune and holdings to protect its good name and preserve its solvency. When he passed away, after a long useful life of seventy-seven years, there was no man in all Vermont whose death could have been followed with more expressions of regret.

The Admiral's mother was of direct descent from John Talcott, who arrived from England in the good ship *Lion*, September 16, 1632, and was a prominent man in the colony, sitting for six annual sessions in the general court of Massachusetts Bay. In this reference to genealogical influence, it should be noted that the Admiral is ninth in direct line from the famous Thomas Dewey, the settler, who came from England to Boston in 1633, and was a strong character in that community. It is altogether probable that the Deweys and Talcotts were neighbors and friends, preparing unconsciously in their development of sturdy manhood for the genesis of a descendant who, nearly three centuries later, should be the foremost character in the country's affairs. The Admiral's great-grandfather, William Dewey, born in 1746, was a corporal in the Continental army, and distinguished himself for bravery and faithful service. His grandfather, Simeon Dewey, before going to Vermont, was a prominent resident of Hanover, New Hampshire, and subscribed fifty acres of land for Dartmouth College.

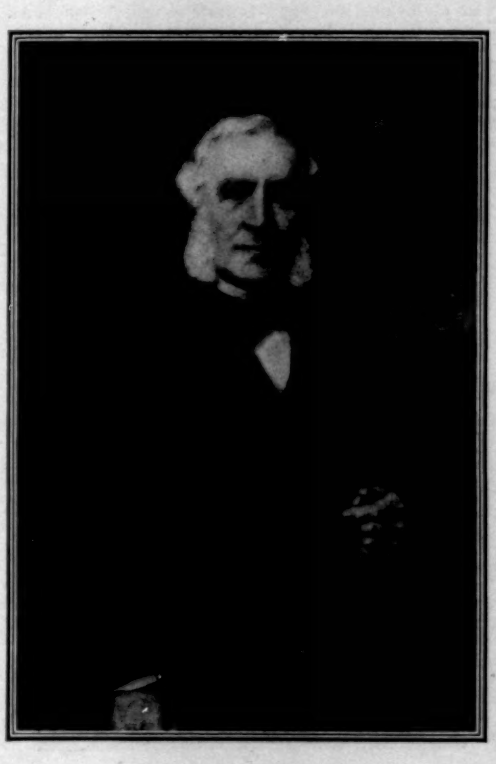
Incidentally, it can be remembered that there were 135 Deweys in the war of the Revolution, and 550 in the Civil War. Fighting is, therefore, a Dewey quality.

A visit to Montpelier discloses much that is pleasing and instructive in studying the Admiral's family and the environment of his earlier days. Charles Dewey, the eldest brother, is one of the prominent and prosperous business men of the State. Edward Dewey, the next brother, has retired from business after a successful career. He was a captain in the Civil War, and saw much active responsible service. Mrs. Mary Dewey Greeley, the sister and youngest member of the family, is the widow of Dr. George Preston Greeley, who was the leading physician of Nashua, New Hampshire, and had an excellent record as a surgeon in the Civil War. George Goodwin Dewey, the Admiral's only son, is twenty-seven years of age, a graduate of Princeton, where he was a popular student, and now in the employ of a large wholesale dry-goods house in New York. The mother of this son died within a week after his birth. She was the beautiful daughter of Ichabod Goodwin, the distinguished War Governor of New Hampshire. She passed away when they had been married only six years. The Admiral has not married again, and the son was brought up carefully by the family of the mother.

THE INFLUENCE OF ENVIRONMENT

If the birthplace, surroundings, and town itself have any influence on a man's character, Admiral Dewey began life under favorable auspices. Montpelier is a village of rare attractions. It is located in a spacious bowl of the hills, through which flows the Winooski River. Its streets are wide and well shaded, its residences roomy and hospitable, its stores, shops, and factories indicative of prosperity, and its population intelligent and progressive. As the capital of a noble commonwealth, it is clean, wholesome, and quite dignified. The Capitol is one of the most classical structures in all American architecture, and would be a credit to any State and city in the Union.

It is indeed remarkable and worthy of remembrance that George Dewey was born in Montpelier, the capital of a State which makes a business of raising worthy men, in a house on State Street, which stood directly opposite the Capitol, and whose front door faced the entrance of the latter. From his earliest childhood he never looked out of the windows or passed the threshold of his home that he did not see towering before him this massive pile, with all its suggestions of the power of government and its tangible evidence of the collective influence of good and patriotic citizenship. To be a faithful servant of his State and country, and to lead a life of true statesmanship, were thus taught him by what he could see, as well as by what he could read and hear. This is not idle conjecture, because I have heard him speak of this and kindred influences when, in a retrospective mood, he would discuss "old times," as we occasionally gathered about him on the after turret-deck of the *Olympia* during the long days of waiting in Manila Bay.



DR. JULIUS YEMANS DEWEY,
Father of the Admiral.
After a Painting by Thomas W. Wood.

The day after Christmas, 1837, was a memorable one in the Dewey family. They possibly did not think so much of it then as they do now, but the Admiral came so near being a Christmas present that his parents and brothers regarded him as such. It would be most fitting if a grateful people this year prolonged the Christmas festivities through the 26th of December, in honor of the man who has done so much towards making us a world power at the beginning of the twentieth century. If the Admiral lives until his next birthday he will be sixty-two years of age—and not an old man, by any means. He once told me that he did not feel physically old, and that he hoped to seem just as young ten years from now. If he does not become President and slave his life, there is no reason why his hopes should be disappointed. The Deweys are a sturdy, healthy, long-lived race, and it requires more than the loss of part of a liver at Malta and a long strain on another part at Manila to kill any of them. A man who swam ashore under a hail of bullets and cannon-shot when the *Mississippi* blew up in 1862, who passed through a naval engagement unscathed on May 1, thirty-six years later, and who sat unmoved and unharmed in General King's headquarters at San Pedro Macati while the insurgents fired volleys and riddled the roof and walls, is not going to surrender his title to life for a decade or two yet—at least not until the American people have shown their love for him from one end of the country to the other.

In sketching the Admiral's career as a boy and youth, from the time he began to attend at the old white schoolhouse just beyond the Capitol to the day when he came home a midshipman from Annapolis in 1858, there is little that is extraordinary to record. His life was much like that of the average lad whose parents were in comfortable circumstances, gave him a good home, guided his course of study, and finally sent him away to a more advanced school. He did not know what poverty was, and he did not have to work his way through college, as many Vermont boys did and do, but he was brought up to habits of thrift, economy, and industry. The Dewey household lacked nothing which the happiness and well-being of the family demanded, but there was no luxury, or even desire of it.

As a boy he was full of life, and had enough mischief in him to be like most others of his age. He was plucky and daring to the extent that he sometimes got into trouble. When, however, he was nearly drowned and his father upbraided him, he reminded his father that he should rejoice in his escape. When his clothes caught on fire and he was in danger of being severely burned, he had sufficient presence of mind to run and jump into a barrel of water. If a fight was on where one chap was larger than the other, he would side with the smaller. Not quarrelsome in disposition, he liked to have his own way, which often led to a fracas, and left him now and then with a few bruises and black-and-blue spots. He would walk blindfolded down the long reach of stone steps from the Capitol portico to the street without slip or mistake, because it was dangerous, and few if any of his playmates could do it. The truant spirit sometimes got the better of him, and he persuaded other boys to run away from school, but if any one was blamed for it afterwards, he always took his share manfully. While his going to school was uniformly regular, he never showed any particular aptitude for mere study, but was quick to learn when necessary. He did not plod, but he readily assimilated and remembered. An insurrection in the village school was led by him, and it was not put down until a teacher was employed who was not afraid of George and his rebellious companions, and succeeded in whipping them into subjection. Major Pangborn is the man who receives credit for this alleged victory over Dewey the child; but whatever happened, he made such an impression upon the boy and upon the father, Dr. Dewey, that George was sent with him as a pupil when he left the Montpelier school and took charge of the academy at Johnson, Vermont. He was about thirteen years of age when he first left home.

A year later, in 1851, he entered Norwich University, attracted there by its military character and its high local standing in Vermont. Ambitious to be either a soldier or a sailor, like many boys of that age, without any very definite ideas as to the future, he found the life at Norwich in line with his dreams if not with any well-developed plans. At this institution—which, later, was removed to Northfield, Vermont—he did not rank as a leader of his class in scholarship, but he maintained the average standard of students who get as much out of their college course as possible, not only in books and hard work, but in companionship and sports. One thing is well remembered of him at Norwich, which was true before at Johnson and Montpelier—he was usually the leader in any scheme which required both dash and courage to put it through successfully. Norwich at least proved a good fitting school for Annapolis, where he went in 1854.

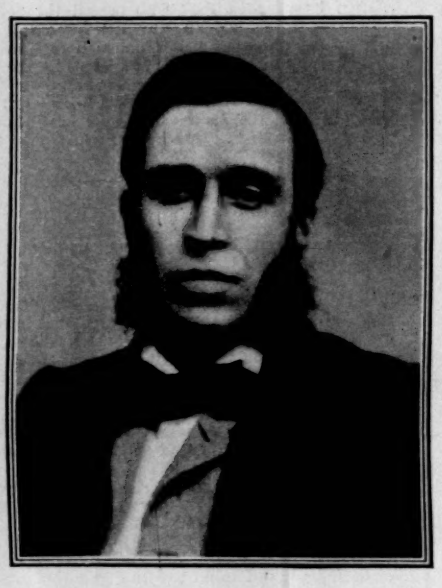
The principal and most interesting fact in connection with Dewey's career at Annapolis was his rise from an average or ordinary place in the class during the first two years to one very near the head at graduation. He had reserve force which he brought into use when the final test came. On the roll of midshipmen for 1858 we find that the order was John A. Howell, Allan V. Reed, George Dewey, *et al.* In other words, among the first eleven men he stood third.

FORTY YEARS OF TRAINING

From 1858 to 1898 were forty years of varied experience and training that prepared him for the climax of responsibility on May 1 of the latter year. The period of labor and waiting was long, but it brought its mighty reward. The last time Admiral Dewey (then a Commodore) visited Montpelier he told his old friend Judge Fifield that his age of retiring was rapidly approaching, and that he would only be known in history as "George Dewey, who entered the navy at a certain time and retired at the age limit!" One day about a year ago, in discussing his life with me, he said:

"I never expected that such an opportunity as this would be mine, and I did not especially hope for it, as that would have meant hoping for war; but time and time again I went over in my mind what I would do and how I would act if I were in command during a battle. The remembrance of Farragut was so strong and vivid in my mind that I always thought of him. When we passed Corregidor and later swung around past the Spanish ships, I was constantly thinking how his master hand would have directed the engagement."

Without referring specifically to each duty that George Dewey performed from the date of graduation to his assignment to the command of the Asiatic squadron in the late fall of 1897, it is well to note a few salient features. The civil war coming on gave him early practical experience and his baptism of fire, and brought rapid promotion, so that he reached high rank at a much younger age than is now usual. When given his first opportunity for coolness and courage under fire, he met it without flinching. About the last man to leave the *Mississippi* when she was blown up in passing the forts below New Orleans, he received the special praise of Captain Melancthon Smith. Later, under Captain McComb in the James River, and again with the Atlantic blockading squadron, he showed qualities which attracted the attention of his superior officers. He was regarded as fearless, but cool



GEORGE DEWEY,
When Twenty-seven Years of Age.

and quick in action. With his courage went judgment. He never lost his head. A Lieutenant in 1861, he was promoted Lieutenant-Commander in 1865, when he was only twenty-eight years of age. Few naval men now reach that rank under forty years.

While with Farragut's squadron in the lower Mississippi he was thrown sufficiently in contact with the great Admiral to know him well. The influence of such association and training, as mentioned above, was most helpful to him.

Made Lieutenant-Commander, 1865, he went to the *Kearsarge*. From the *Colorado*, on the European station, he was detailed to the Naval Academy in 1868, and was assigned later to the *Narragansett*, and was on Pacific as well as Atlantic cruises. Ordered in 1882 to the *Juniata*, of the Asiatic squadron, he was stopped at Malta by his liver trouble. Made Captain in 1884, he had the honor of commanding the *Dolphin*, one of Secretary Whitney's original "White Squadron" vessels. On the *Pensacola* he again went to the European station, but on returning in 1888 he commenced his long and almost unprecedented career as the head of various bureaus and boards at Washington, becoming finally president of the Board of Inspection and Survey, and holding the position for nearly seven years. His record in the Navy Department was that of a most efficient officer, and the standard of excellency of the navy at the outbreak of the late war was due in no small measure to his efforts.

It is an interesting bit of history not generally known that describes the appointment of Dewey to the Asiatic station. What I write on this point is based on statements of some of the principals concerned. Commodore Dewey was very desirous of being assigned to the command of the Asiatic squadron, and it was no makeshift or mere good luck that his wishes were directed in that line. President McKinley, in the multitude of responsibilities that weighed upon him, had given the matter no special thought beyond the intention of naming an officer of ability and rank. Secretary Long was in favor of appointing another man, and had practically made up his mind to that effect. He had no personal feeling against Dewey, but believed that his own choice was satisfactory. Assistant-Secretary Roosevelt, on the other hand, was convinced that Dewey was the right man for the place, and bent his energies to secure his appointment. The hour was rapidly approaching for the President to act, and naturally he would follow the recommendations of the head of the Navy Department. In his subordinate post it would be impossible for Roosevelt to go to the President and suggest a man not favored by his chief. With characteristic energy and foresight he advised Dewey to invoke the aid of Senator Redfield Proctor, who was a fellow-Vermonter and friend of Dewey, as well as a power with the President. He found that Dewey himself was considering the value of the same influence. Without delay, the Commodore consulted with the Senator, whom he in turn found ready to support him and give him all aid in his power. Proctor went direct to President McKinley, and before he left the White House Dewey was recorded in the President's little memorandum-book as the officer to be assigned to the responsible duties of the Asiatic station. Secretary Long was not turned down, but simply told, when he brought the matter before the President, that the place had been promised to Dewey.

Assistant-Secretary Roosevelt was prompted in his support of Dewey by a realization of the importance of the Asiatic station if we should have war with Spain—signs of which were then looming up—and there is no reason why credit should not be given this statesman for his wisdom. Dewey seemed the right man to him for two special reasons. First, he was highly recommended by his fellow-officers of the navy whom Roosevelt continually met and consulted. Second, he had shown his qualities of preparedness and foresight in war conditions when, as head of his bureau, he had purchased a large amount of coal without delay, or without going through all the red-tape usually necessary, at the time when war with Chile seemed imminent. Had a conflict actually ensued, and had Dewey not bought this coal, our ships would have been seriously delayed in movements, with disastrous consequences to the successful prosecution of war. Roosevelt held that an officer who was so highly commended by his associates, and who was so thoughtful in an hour of peril, was the one to be intrusted with the Asiatic command Proctor and the President thought likewise, and the question was settled. Secretary Long has probably not regretted that his man was not selected, no matter how able he may have been.

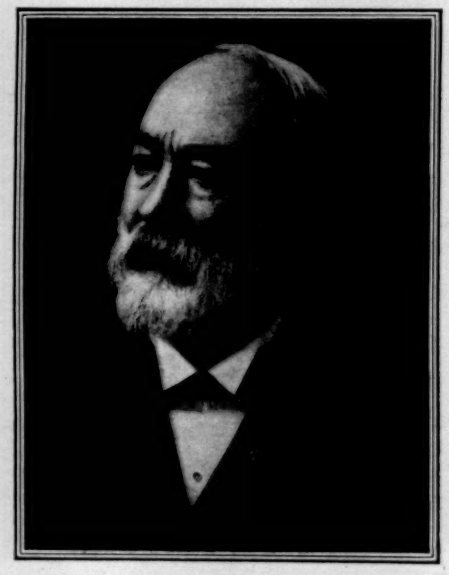
In this connection it will be appropriate to quote what Admiral Dewey said to me one day, sitting aft on the *Olympia* a year ago in June, and discussing this same point. The words are here given as written in my note-book at the time. I had just asked him if before or when he was appointed he foresaw the possibility of a conflict in Asiatic waters with the Spanish squadron. He answered:

"I had become much interested in the Pacific and Far East, and believed that America had great opportunities there for extending her influence and commerce. The Asiatic countries were developing rapidly, and the relations of European powers, and America with them, were growing in importance. I thought that we should do all we could to strengthen our hand there, and personally hoped by command of the Asiatic station to do my share towards that end.

"While studying the situation there," he continued, "I noted the position of the Philippines, and saw at once that if we had war with Spain, there must surely be fighting in Asiatic waters I did not say much about it, because my position did not permit it. While I hoped that war would be averted, I realized even then the possibilities of a conflict, and made recommendations for strengthening the squadron. Had my advice been followed as first given, or even as repeated when I reached the Far East, and as war seemed inevitably approaching, the *Monterey* and *Monadnock*, or heavy battle-ships, would have been out here in May or June, and all the worry and trouble about demonstrations of European nations avoided."

HIS SUPREME PREPAREDNESS FOR BATTLE

In early January, 1898, he took command of the Asiatic squadron at Nagasaki, Japan. From that time on until April 27, when he sailed out of Mirs Bay, near Hongkong, he was preparing for the battle. Up to the very declaration of war he trusted that diplomacy would settle the differences of Spain and the United States, but he went on making ready as if he were to fight the combined fleets of Europe. This is another point of history in connection with Dewey that is not generally understood. In lauding him for his splendid victory and for his conduct of affairs that followed, we are prone to forget his remarkable efforts to prepare himself for a successful engagement. During March and April, 1898, most of which time he was at Hong-kong, he literally left no stone unturned to get his ships and men into such condition that they might be irresistible.



EDWARD DEWEY,
Brother of the Admiral.

WHERE DEWEY USED TO GO TO SCHOOL.

Not a detail was omitted in training the men for every emergency. In target practice, in individual and collective action, and in putting the ships, their guns and machinery into such condition that nothing would be wanting or wrong in the hour of supreme test, the Commodore developed his squadron to that point of excellence where every man from himself down to stoker felt the impulse of strength that comes from confidence in one's capability to meet any great undertaking. It is doubtful if history records a naval movement where officers and sailor-men were better prepared or more imbued with the courage that is born of perfect trust in their leader and in their ships. It is well to remember, in judging Dewey, that he was a hero in the minds of his subordinates and men before he sailed past Corregidor. He had inspired them with so much hope, and had set such an example of discipline, force, preparation, and devotion, that they were ready to follow him into any danger. Suggest to an officer or gunner who was with Dewey at Hong-kong that he did not himself appreciate what an efficient and brave Commodore was in command of the squadron, and he will tell you, with a look of surprise and indignation, that this was the one thing that he did know above all others.

The great majority of the people at home did not realize that Dewey was a master hand until May 1; but those of us—especially men in government service—who were brought in contact with him there, by either letter or personal interview, were convinced that America's interests could be in no safer hands; and the letters, official and private, that we wrote home in March and April, 1898, prove our confidence. In an article written by me for the *North American Review*, just before Dewey sailed for Manila, our perfect confidence throughout the Far East that he would accomplish what he ultimately did was specifically stated.

Too much emphasis cannot be laid on this point of preparedness, because it assists so much in demonstrating that Dewey possesses the ideal qualities of a great naval commander. British, French, and German, as well as American experts, have told me that Dewey's squadron was in such perfect shape, and every contingency of battle was so exactly anticipated, that he would have been, in all probability, not only successful against a Spanish fleet double the one he met in efficiency, but against the squadron of any other nation equal to his in equipment and power. Had he met with defeat, it would only have been after his own ships had been destroyed or the conditions such that no mortal man could have won.

It is often remarked that Dewey ought to have sailed away after the battle. The fact is, Dewey could not have sailed away. If he could have done so with honor and credit to his country and to himself, he would have done it on moral grounds; but there were material reasons also that held him so plainly that it seems foolish to those familiar with the situation to raise the question, "Why did not Dewey sail away?" Summarized, some of the conditions that detained him were these: He had not sufficient coal to warrant the long voyage across the Pacific; he could not stop in China or Japan, because of strict injunctions issued by those governments; the speed of his squadron would have been limited to that of his slowest collier, the *Nanshan*, and it would have required nearly fifty days to have reached the Pacific coast; during this long journey coaling at sea, which is most dangerous, would have been imperative, while the government and country would have been complaining that so much time was lost at a critical period of the war; in the mean time the Spanish gunboats at outlying points of the Philippines, numbering some twelve or thirteen, would have collected at Manila and then proceeded to drive away or capture every American steamer or ship that came into Asiatic waters; these would have been reenforced by vessels sent out from Spain, and she would have become mistress of the Pacific-Asiatic seas, and in a position to threaten our Pacific coast. Add to these points the disgrace and dishonor of leaving Manila, its non-combatants, its foreign interests and residents, and the peaceful natives to the mercy of conditions that would inevitably arise; the shame of hauling down the flag at Cavite, where it had been rightfully raised after one of the greatest battles in history, and we have a few considerations that show beyond quibble why Dewey could not sail away.

Admiral Dewey has been blamed for permitting Aguinaldo to come to Cavite. If the truth were known in regard to this point, there might be an end to such criticism. Although a great variety of stories have been told about Dewey's relations with Aguinaldo, I am prepared to state that he not only did not urge or recommend the insurgent leader to return to the Philippines, but he did not even favor his coming. In other words, if Dewey had followed his own inclinations he would not have permitted Aguinaldo to come to Manila, at least on an American ship.

To go back to the much-discussed telegram in which Dewey is quoted as telegraphing that Aguinaldo should "come immediately," it should be borne in mind that this telegram was sent from Hong-kong when Dewey was expecting any day to sail for the Philippines, and not from Manila, and that it was sent to Consul-General Pratt at Singapore, and not to Aguinaldo, in reply to Aguinaldo's wish, expressed through Pratt, to go to Cavite and make war on the Spaniards.

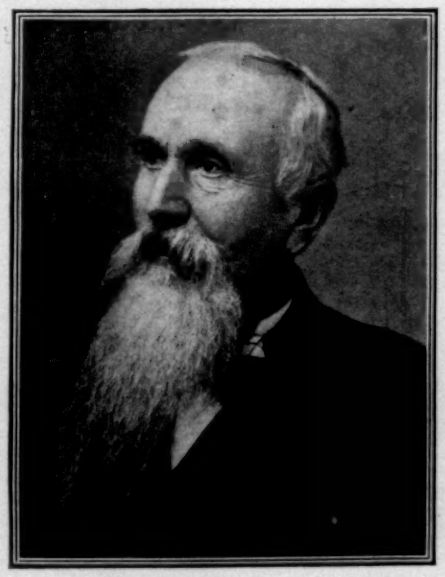
A little later on, or about the middle of May, when Aguinaldo was in Hong-kong, ready to go to Cavite if he could, the Admiral permitted him to come on the *McCulloch*, but strictly on his own responsibility. The Admiral so far hesitated in this step that he left to Ensign Caldwell, who went to Hong-kong on the *McCulloch*, the discretion as to whether Aguinaldo should be allowed to take passage on her. Caldwell was in doubt up to the last minute as to what course to pursue, but ultimately yielded, acting largely on the recommendations of the consul-general, who sincerely believed, as did most others at the time, that it would be of great advantage to have Aguinaldo at Cavite. After the latter arrived, there never was a remark made or a letter written by the Admiral in which he in any way recognized the insurgents as allies. He regarded and treated them as men fighting a common enemy, not as a nation or government fighting in common with the United States against Spain. Aguinaldo himself was fully aware that the Admiral never recognized his independence, and he was obliged to admit it to me and others who asked him; but he saw fit to interpret arbitrarily the Admiral's acts as recognition of Filipino independence. I would not deny that Aguinaldo may have had many assurances given him in Singapore and Hong-kong, by those whom the Admiral did not control, that he would be permitted to establish an independent government, and in some respects, as is well known, I believe that he showed remarkable cleverness and ability, for which he should be given credit; but that is no reason why we who know the facts should fail to tell the truth of his relations with the Admiral.

In the matter of the Filipino flag and Filipino prisoners, the Admiral simply followed the dictates of commonsense at the time, and avoided trouble with the Filipinos when we had no land forces, by letting them use a flag and hold prisoners whom they claimed as theirs; but he took no formal steps that could possibly be construed as acknowledging Filipino independence except by ambitious Filipino leaders, who would treat any act of kindness as such acknowledgment in order to mislead their people. For the Filipinos as a race, and for many of their educated men, I entertain much sympathy and respect, and believe that, well guided, they will develop capacity for a high degree of autonomy; but, unfortunately, they have been led after false gods, and not the least of influences has been these ambitious and often, I fear, unscrupulous, leaders.

From the time Admiral Dewey destroyed the Spanish fleet, up to his departure over a year later, there was no man connected with American influence throughout the islands in whom the natives had greater trust. Despite the fact that he held aloof from any alliance with them and acted with a strong hand whenever necessary, as demonstrated when he seized all their boats after they showed the first signs of unfriendliness, they always spoke of him with profound respect. From Aguinaldo down to coolie there was a feeling of confidence in Admiral Dewey which often manifested itself even after the outbreak of February 4, 1899. It is my humble opinion that if plenipotentiary powers had been given Dewey, as the only representative of the United States to settle matters in the Philippines, he would have been successful—provided, of course, unfortunate and unbridled influences working in America had not checked and embarrassed his efforts.

THE GERMANS AND THE ENGLISH

So much has been written of Admiral Dewey's experience with the German squadron at Manila that I will not particularly enlarge upon it. While we should give the people of Germany, the Germans in America, and those doing business in Hong-kong and other Asiatic ports credit for not favoring any demonstration against America in Manila Bay, the fact remains, remembered only too plainly by all of us who were there, that the remarkable diplomacy and good judgment of Admiral Dewey, mingled with superb tact, forbearance, and firmness, alone prevented serious complications which might have led, with a less able and discreet officer, not only to a conflict of two nations, but to a great international war. No amount of whitewashing now of what occurred then can ever make the rank and file of both navy and army forget the trials and tests to which the patience and patriotism of the Admiral were put during those long, worrying weeks when we wondered what the Germans really had in view, and if the *Monterey* and *Monadnock* would ever come!



CHARLES DEWEY,
Older Brother of the Admiral.

It may not be out of place here if I relate the "war" story as I understood it at the time, and as it has been told in America by Lieutenant McLean, who was aboard the *Olympia* and overheard the conversation. Vice-Admiral von Diederichs sent his flag-lieutenant to the *Olympia* to explain the *Irene* incident at Subig, and the promiscuous movements of some of his other numerous vessels. Admiral Dewey was naturally not in a kindly mood. When the German officer came aboard and was shown aft, the Admiral happened to be sitting near an open skylight, which opened directly into the officers' quarters below and enabled them to overhear what was said. As the lieutenant approached, the Admiral waved him to a chair near at hand and commenced to address him without specially waiting to hear what was his errand. To understand how the conversation developed, it should be remembered that the Admiral has a way of leading up to great spoken and mental energy, in discussing a subject, from the mildest and quietest beginning. Although characteristically reserved and calm, he can, if the impulse is strong enough, lash himself into a fury, as it were. Opening gently, and almost in a childlike complaining tone, he told the German lieutenant how much the activity of German ships had displeased him, and how they had violated the rules of warfare and blockade. Being more convinced of the righteousness of his argument as his story went on, he raised the tone of his voice until, quite angry with himself as well as with the Germans for what had happened, he spoke out, in a clear, decisive voice, his sentiments without reserve, saying,

"If the German government has any intention of making war on the United States, and, in accordance with its plans, has so instructed your admiral, it is his duty to inform me."

Then, as if to give a fitting climax to that observation, and the German officer an impression which he would not forget and could carry away to his chief, he added,

"But whether there is to be war or not, I am ready!"

The flag-lieutenant was so overcome that he hurried through his message, protested vaguely that his government and admiral had no thought of war, and withdrew without delay. As he hastened to his boat he remarked to the officer on watch:

"Mine Gott! Mine Gott! what is the matter with your Admiral to-day?"

Lest this incident might seem to destroy the conclusion that Dewey was diplomatic, it can be borne in mind that this happened at a time of supreme aggravation, and that, moreover, the Admiral saw plainly the wisdom of saying something to the flag-lieutenant of von Diederichs which he would not state directly to the latter, but which would have the desired effect, as it did. This was, in that respect, a bit of the firmness and display of fire mingled with his diplomacy that assisted much in accomplishing the desired result.

German officers whom I met later in Hong-kong and Shanghai admitted to me that Admiral Dewey did have great provocation, in the number and activity of their ships, for the conclusion that they were unfriendly, but claimed that neither they nor the men understood the motive or reason of it. All they knew was that their ships were ordered to Manila Bay, and that, after they arrived there, a considerable degree of movement was necessary to attend to the ordinary work of the squadron.

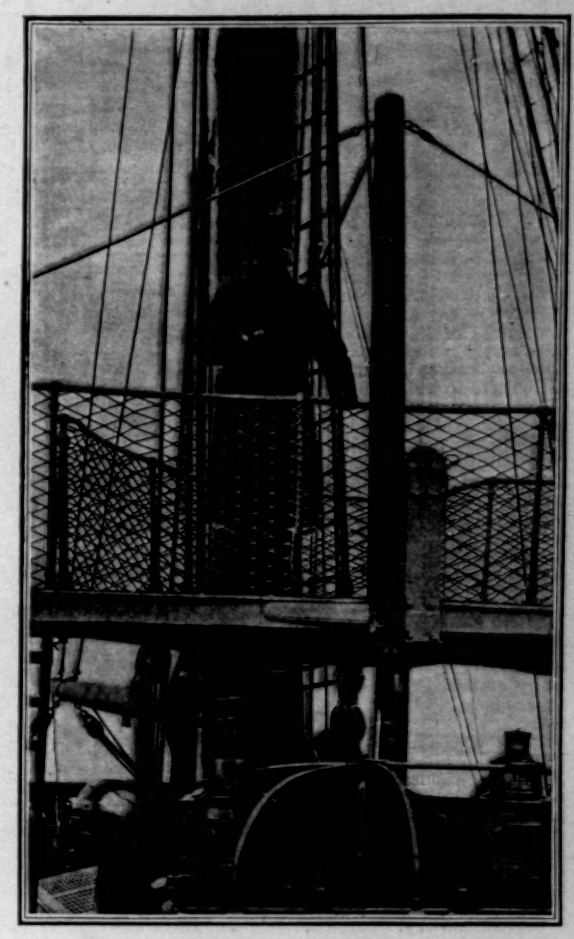
Whatever was the impulse, we are now all glad that the crisis was passed without a collision, and we may hope that the country will never lack men like Dewey to prevent war when similar or other complications may develop.

Almost as marked as the attitude of the German squadron in disturbance of our peace of mind was the quiet but never-failing good-will of the British commanders at Manila and the authorities at Hong-kong. Call England's motive what you will, it was most fortunate for our forces operating in the Philippines that no power was in control at Hong-kong which would either have been unfriendly to us or have insisted on interpreting the neutrality laws in their most rigid sense.

All through the long trying period, when no one knew what would be the issue of the situation, the greatest comfort was experienced by the officers and crews of our ships in the presence of several British men-of-war. If a cruiser flying the British flag was seen entering the bay, it was at times almost difficult to suppress a cheer among the men. Even the most rabid Irishman on the *Olympia* forgot his former woes and expressed unalloyed pleasure at the presence of the British ships. In the important matter of getting supplies at Hong-kong, a liberal construction was placed on the neutrality provisions, as a result of which the entire navy and part of the army, up to August 13, the date of Manila's fall, were provided with food, and were able to enjoy comforts that would otherwise have been lacking.

Admiral Dewey appreciated the attitude and consideration of the Britishers, and never failed to show his remembrance of them when legitimate opportunity offered. He was careful never to place any British officer or official in a doubtful position, and showed such tact that neither the Spaniards nor sympathizing powers could point to a single incident where the relations of Great Britain were in violation of neutrality regulations. The Admiral knew how to keep a friend by not arousing the enmity of others.

Captain Chichester of the British ship *Immortalité*, who was always a stanch friend to Admiral Dewey and America's interests, spoke in my presence of the remarkable diplomacy and good judgment of Admiral Dewey,



ADMIRAL DEWEY ON THE BRIDGE OF THE U. S. S. "PENSACOLA."

exercised under most trying circumstances, not only in dealing with those whose motives he questioned, but with those whose friendship he cherished. Chichester gave the Admiral personally great pleasure, and delighted both navy and army when, on the morning of August 13, he directed his band to play "El Capitan" as the *Olympia*, with the Admiral on the bridge, passed the *Immortalité* on its way to attack the defences of Manila, and again on the morning of the 14th of August, when he alone, of all the foreign commanders in the bay, ordered a salute to be fired in honor of the American flag flying over the walls of old Manila. The music of that band and the roar of those cannon on Chichester's British ship, at the hour when we craved encouragement and sympathy, will never be forgotten by the sailors and soldiers who heard them. As I was on the *Olympia* at the time, and know the feeling and effect, I can speak with a degree of earnestness and sincerity which might otherwise be lacking. The language the Admiral used in appreciation was stronger than my own.

ONLY A PASSING SKETCH

It is not possible within the limits of this article to touch on more than a small part of the interesting points in connection with the Admiral's career at Manila, and I have only selected those which it seemed to me would be of particular value as presented in the light of one who was for a long time more or less associated with him. In my little book entitled *Admiral George Dewey; a Sketch of the Man*, published by Harpers, I have endeavored to bring out as faithfully the life of the man in action and repose as I and others knew him for nearly a year—from May, 1898, to March, 1899.

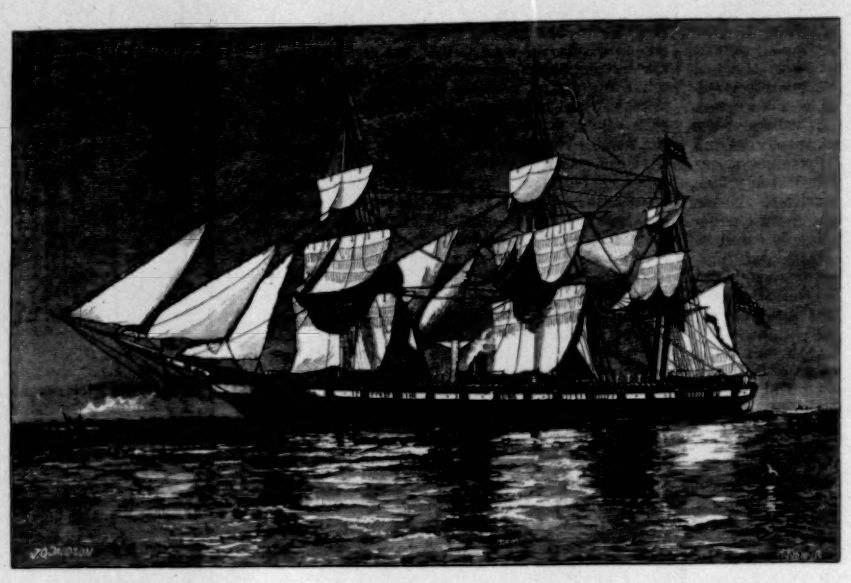
Briefly summarized, we must note, in studying his work there, his wonderful preparedness for battle, perfected at Hong-kong, which made victory certain; the success of the battle itself, which was executed as he had planned, and achieved against a squadron in its home waters, supported by heavy land batteries and by torpedoes in channel approaches; his careful conduct, in a long period of waiting for the army, of relations with Aguinaldo and the other insurgents; his diplomacy and firmness in dealing with the Germans, which may have averted war; his masterly negotiations for the surrender of Manila without the necessity of a bombardment of the city, destruction of property, and without the loss of many lives in both armies; his maintenance of good relations without friction with the army, and his uniform courtesy towards General Merritt and General Otis; the perfection of the navy's condition which characterized the whole squadron from the day he entered Manila Bay to the time he sailed away; his courageous self-sacrifice and devotion to duty which caused him to decline the President's invitation to come home, and kept him at Manila continually without a day's absence in cooler and invigorating climates, although he gave all his captains, crews, and the members of his own staff the privilege of going to Hong-kong or elsewhere to recuperate; his careful direction and use of his ships, alone, and in co-operation with the army after the fighting with the insurgents began; his uncomplaining assumption of duties as a member of the Philippine Commission in addition to his other duties; and, finally, his departure from Manila and home-coming unspoiled by the love and praise of the American people.

He appreciates this wonderful manifestation of public interest in him and in what he has done, but its chief effect has been to make him gentler in spirit and even simpler in manner.

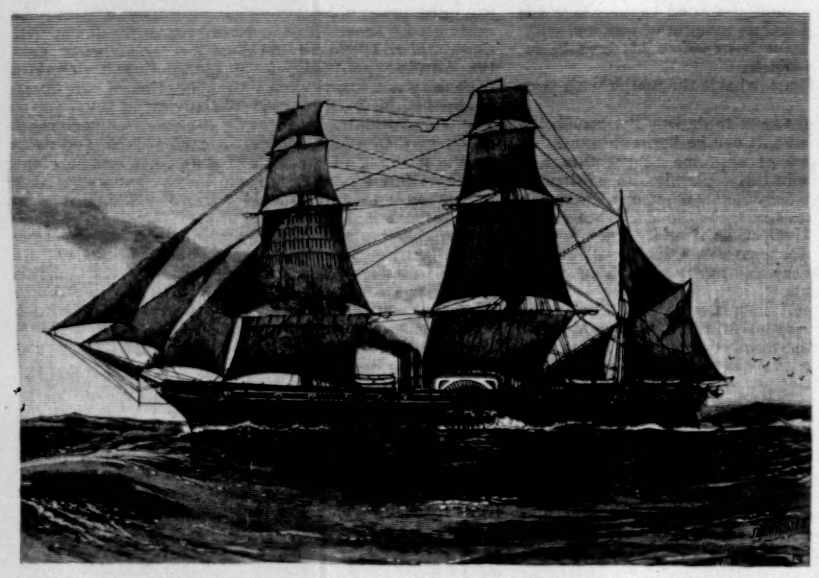
THE ADMIRALS OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY

BY HENRY LOOMIS NELSON

THE United States navy has had three Admirals —Farragut, Porter, and Dewey. Commodore Hopkins of the navy of the Revolution was called commander-in-chief of the navy, for the purpose of giving him co-ordinate rank with Washington. No one since then has ever been called commander-in-chief, because the President holds that place by virtue of the Constitution. No naval officer has really commanded the navy at any time, the head of the Bureau of Navigation coming most nearly to the exercise of that function, because his duty is to detail officers to ships, to command and to other duties, and ships to stations. But practically he is not only theoretically, but actually, under the control of the civilian Secretary of the Navy. And this civilian assumes usually all the powers and privileges of his station. One cannot read the history of our navy without wondering at the large notion which country and other lawyers, elevated to be heads of the national marine, have entertained of their own capacity for seamanship, ordnance, tactics, and strategy. The commission of Secretary of the Navy seems to descend upon them like the gift of tongues, and they actually riot among the scientific and technical delicacies of a service that for all time has demanded for its control expert knowledge and trained military skill. A modern Secretary of the Navy has been known to take the command of a squadron on the high seas and to direct with more or less folly the squadron drill. After Congress leaves off telling the navy in the appropriation bills how ships shall be constructed, what shall be the weight of armor and the character of the armament, the inspired civilian at the other end of the Avenue begins his job. He selects and installs the electrical plant, determines what little details of interior arrangement the omniscient Congressmen have left unsettled, and arranges the cruises and combinations. In time of war he bites the end of his pen and orders the grand strategy, having first demonstrated his capacity for blundering by the selection he has made for commanding officers.



U. S. FRIGATE "HARTFORD," FARRAGUT'S FAMOUS FLAG-SHIP.



U. S. FRIGATE "POWHATAN," COMMANDED BY PORTER IN 1861.

Of course there are exceptions. Mr. McKinley selected Dewey to command the China squadron; but he did this against the wishes of Secretary Long, who preferred a man not up to the mark. The navy was fortunate at the outbreak of the war with Spain in having Mr. Roosevelt for Assistant Secretary of the Navy, for Mr. Roosevelt has undoubtedly a keen sense of identification when he is looking for fighting-men. But Mr. Long had his way about the Flying Squadron, and appointed Schley, against the protest of the Assistant Secretary—Sampson having been designated to command the North Atlantic squadron by the common consent of the common-sense of the service. The appointment of Schley was a real Secretary-of-Navy performance, and his promotion afterwards, in obedience to public clamor, was another. About the only duty that is left to the officers of the navy, therefore, so far as taking responsibility and exercising the high mental powers which come into play only in actual command are concerned, is the fighting of battles. No trained naval officer has any chance whatever of winning distinction by organizing the fleet and the service in time of peace. The trained officers must stand aside while the navy is in process of construction or evolution and see a lot of heart-breaking civilian experiments tried with the ships, the guns, and with themselves and their men. When the war comes, the best of them may get a chance, and, again, the worst of them may get the chance that the best of them ought to have, because the worst happen at the time to be in the next-to-command holes of the service cribbage-board, and it is their turn to be moved. But if the war lasts long enough, and if the civilian grand strategy and general impertinence are not fatal, the giants get their opportunity in the battles and blockades, as Farragut, Porter, Dewey, and Sampson all did.

THREE ADMIRALS

And this brings me to the Admirals. Possibly if David G. Farragut had not been a midshipman with Captain David Porter on the *Essex* in the war of 1812, he would have ended his career on the active list of the navy as a captain and a member of the retiring-board—the board that was sending officers into limbo because they were too old to be of any use. This was all the employment that the civilians in command of the navy could think of for the greatest naval genius of his time. This distinguished old man—for he was sixty-two years old when he got his great opportunity—had had a wonderful naval career when he was twelve years old. He had been about the Atlantic and Pacific with the elder Porter in that notable cruise of the *Essex*, whose final destruction was hastened by reason of her being armed with the kind of guns with which the civilians, against Porter's protests, had insisted upon supplying her. During the war of 1812 the youngster, born with the century, had not only doubled the Cape and helped to fight battles, but he had shown a wonderful amount of character. The first time that he was under fire the boy was able to put aside his terror at the sight of blood and death and attend to his duty at the guns. And it was duty first with Farragut all through his career, just as it has been with every hero that the world has known. The boy had kept a diary, which indicated a careful observer and a shrewd thinker. While he was with the *Essex*, still aged twelve, he was put in command of the British whaler *Barclay*, which had been captured by the *Essex*, whose prizes were so numerous that the necessary crews and commanders for them had greatly crippled her own ship's company. And it was at this early age and in this command that Farragut had an opportunity to show what stuff was in him. As Mr. John R. Spears tells the story in *The History of our Navy*, the captain of the *Barclay* had agreed to act as navigator, but when the orders came to follow the *Essex Junior* to Valparaiso he mutinied, backed his main-topsail, and declared that "he would shoot the first man who dared to touch a rope without his orders." The captain then went below for his pistols. The boy, quite equal to the responsibility thus thrust upon him, filled away with the help of an American seaman, and sent word to the captain "not to come on deck unless he wished to be thrown overboard." This was Farragut at twelve. The English captain staid below, and master Captain Farragut commanded the ship.

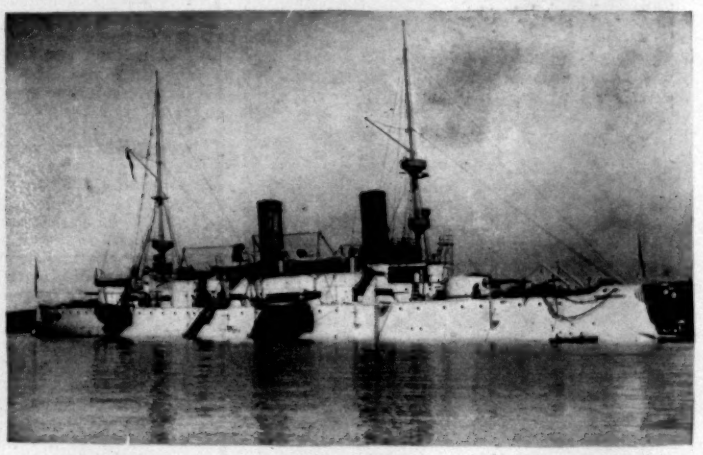
Every one in the navy knew all this about Farragut, for old David Porter's ship and her cruise were famous, and every Jacky knows his *Essex*. The Southerners knew it when the civil war broke out, and they besought the old captain, who had never had an opportunity since he was twelve, but who had then made a service reputation that lasted him, to throw in his lot with them and to win fame for himself in active command. Farragut was a Southerner, but he was loyal to his own idea of the meaning of his oath to support the Constitution. He refused the commands which his own people would gladly have bestowed upon him; and the United States government, without in the least appreciating its enormous good luck, retained the services of the naval genius of the country, and, indeed, of our times. They set him to work then retiring old officers. It was worthy employment, and its proper execution demanded a large knowledge of the personnel of the service and a good deal of common-sense and tact; but Farragut was a fighting-man, as he had been a fighting-boy. How his noble old soul must have been harrowed every time he went into that board-room and looked at the chair and table with which the civilian commander of the navy had provided him in lieu of a quarter-deck!

Farragut never complained—at least he never complained in public—it is impossible to assume that he did not groan sometimes in the privacy of the home which he had found on the banks of the Hudson. Fancy Nelson under like circumstances! The ears of the admiralty and the nation would have had no rest from his wailings.

PORTER'S RECOMMENDATION

But in time real employment came to him, and, as I have already said, it was because of his youthful cruise on the *Essex* with Captain David Porter, of the old navy, that he was suggested for the command of the squadron which was about to be formed to pass the forts near the mouth of the Mississippi, to capture New Orleans, and to coop up the Confederates between the northern millstone of Grant and Foote and the southern millstone of Farragut and Porter. There were no young men—or comparatively young men—at the head of the navy. The commodores—there were no rear-admirals—were superannuated. The captains were aged, but Farragut at least had had some experience in war fifty years before. The young men had not even felt the responsibility of command. It is interesting to note a certain similarity in the crucial periods of the lives of our first and our latest Admirals—a similarity which was suggested to Admiral Dewey as he was about to leave the country to take command of the China station. He was sitting in the Metropolitan Club in Washington, and said, suddenly, after a period of what seemed dreaming, "....Farragut was sixty-two before he had his chance; perhaps I'll have mine yet." Dewey was then about sixty years old.

To return: Farragut was old, but he was strong and well; and he had experience and reputation. Besides, the idea of this attack on New Orleans originated with the son of Captain David Porter, who had inherited and increased the admiration which the old captain had entertained for his young midshipman. Commander David D. Porter was in command of the *Powhatan*. He was helping to blockade New Orleans in the summer of 1861, and having collected a good deal of valuable information about the state of the city's defences, he went to Washington and urged upon the national authorities a plan of attack. The plan was approved, and then Porter recommended Farragut to the command; but it was not only



U. S. S. "OLYMPIA," DEWEY'S FLAG-SHIP.

"Let Us Now Praise Famous Men"

BY RUDYARD KIPLING

In his stories of "Stalky & Co.," telling of the life of schoolboys in the United Service College, which is intended chiefly for the education of the sons of Anglo-Indian civil and military officers, Mr. KIPLING *shows the men of England in the making—the men who lead armies, govern provinces, and represent England in foreign fields in many capacities. These verses appear in "Stalky & Co.," which is published to-day.*

"Let us now praise famous men"
Men of little showing—
For their work continueth,
And their work continueth,
Greater than their knowing.

Western wind and open surge
Tore us from our mothers;
Flung us on a naked shore
(Twelve bleak houses by the shore!
Seven summers by the shore!)
'Mid two hundred brothers.

There we met with famous men
Set in office o'er us.
And they beat on us with rods—
Faithfully with many rods—
Daily beat us on with rods—
For the love they bore us!

Out of Egypt unto Troy—
Over Himalaya—
Far and sure our bands have gone—
Hy—Brasil or Babylon,
Islands of the Southern Run,
And cities of Cathaia!

And we all praise famous men—
Ancients of the College;
For they taught us common-sense—
Tried to teach us common-sense—
Truth and God's Own Common-Sense
Which is more than knowledge!

Each degree of Latitude
Strung about Creation
Seeth one (or more) of us,
(Of one muster all of us—
Of one master all of us—)
Keen in his vocation.

This we learned from famous men
Knowing not its uses
When they showed in daily work
Man must finish off his work—
Right or wrong, his daily work—
And without excuses.

Servants of the staff and chain,
Mine and fuse and grapnel—
Some before the face of Kings,
Stand before the face of Kings;
Bearing gifts to divers Kings—
Gifts of Case and Shrapnel.

This we learned from famous men
Teaching in our borders,
Who declared it was best,
Safest, easiest and best—
Expeditious, wise and best—
To obey your orders.

Some beneath the further stars
Bear the greater burden.
Set to serve the lands they rule,
(Save he serve no man may rule)
Serve and love the lands they rule;
Seeking praise nor guerdon.

This we learned from famous men
Knowing not we learned it.
Only, as the years went by—
Lonely, as the years went by—
Far from help as years went by
Plainer we discerned it.

Wherefore praise we famous men
From whose bays we borrow—
They that put aside Today—
All the joys of their Today—
And with toil of their Today
Bought for us Tomorrow!

Bless and praise we famous men—
Men of little showing!
For their work continueth
And their work continueth
Broad and deep continueth
Great beyond their knowing!

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Porter's recommendation, it was also Farragut's experience, which induced Mr. Lincoln and his Secretary to give the modest old captain a chance.

How he improved that chance, and how David D. Porter improved his, is known to the whole world that is interested in naval battles and in naval heroes. Both of them became what we call in America "full Admirals." The rank was created for Farragut in 1866, and he held it not too long to be forgotten. His four years as Admiral must have been very happy years for the simple, God-fearing hero. They were years of plenty for him, after many years of contented waiting. They were full to the brim with admiration and love. He went around the world, and he had royal and imperial and democratic receptions, but the affection of his own countrymen was his dearest possession. I wonder if any one has ever heard a single word said against Farragut. He took part in none of the contentions between his countrymen, except in that one which had to be settled by war. He never offended any one—perhaps not personally even the men whom he had to strike down in battle. He was the typical naval hero—not like Nelson, who went wrong, but like Collingwood, who didn't. The simplicity of the faith of this beautiful character was illustrated by a story told me many years ago by a soldier who had been engaged in the Southwest, and who once heard Farragut narrate the incident of his taking the lead in Mobile Bay, with the *Hartford*, after the *Brooklyn* had begun to back down on him, alarmed by the destruction of the *Tecumseh* by torpedoes; and what impressed the soldier most, and what will most impress all who love simplicity and sincerity, was the Admiral's naïve astonishment that Providence permitted the *Hartford* to go safely by after he had profanely said, "Damn the torpedoes! follow me." Farragut did not live long enough as Admiral for his countrymen to come to regard him as an old story. He died in 1870, and then his old friend Porter was made Admiral.

Porter lived as Admiral for twenty-one years, and he did no more for the navy in all that time than Farragut did during the four years. The truth is, as I said at the beginning of this article, there is no room in the American navy for real naval officers in time of peace. There is a navy, of course, and there are officers, but the control of the navy is in the hands of a civilian politician. Since the war the navy has been entirely reconstructed. It is in every respect different from the navy of 1861 or of 1870. Its ships and guns are things of the like of which the officers of the time of Farragut and Porter never dreamed. The officers of the navy who are now fifty-year-old lieutenant-commanders have been trained in a school where arts are taught which had not been heard of by the officers in command during the civil war. But the day of ironclads, and especially the day of turrets, began in Porter's time. He had no influence, however, on the beginnings of the new navy. Farragut had none. They were mere Admirals. Some of the younger officers worked out details, and some of them gradually gained enough influence to affect the plans for ships and ordnance. But Chandler, Whitney, Tracy, Herbert, and Long—these are the great commanders of the naval forces in time of peace, the great constructors of ships of war, the builders of armor and guns, the bedevilers of the personnel. Admirals are men who show their ability in time of war by using the implements which civilians have forged or purchased. And when they win with such implements there is good reason to count them as geniuses, and to shower upon them such public honors as are being showered this week upon Admiral Dewey, who formed a fleet of oldish-fashioned cruisers, and, with his inadequate armament, his officerlike way of wasting no time, his Farragut fashion of disregarding torpedoes, destroyed a Spanish fleet defended by better guns but poorer men than he possessed.

Admiral Porter passed his twenty-one years in Washington, theoretically the head of the navy, but practically a retired old officer, who, in the end, had lived beyond the time when men remembered with anything like gratifying vividness his splendid services on the Mississippi, for which President Lincoln and Congress had thanked him more than once. His activity was enormous. He was interested in all that was going on, and tried to help in the reconstruction of the navy. If Porter had been a genius in this direction he might have been one of a board to decide on the value of sail-power to a modern war-ship, but even that question was settled by Congress, after a learned debate on the subject participated in mainly by country lawyers. It is true that he was not a scientific genius, and that he was often deceived into thinking worthless inventions good and useful discoveries; but another question stirred the American navy during those twenty-one years, and continued to excite it for eight years afterward. The Admiral of the navy might have had something enlightening to say about the personnel, something to advise which would have corrected the evils of 1861, when Farragut was a captain at sixty-one. But he had no influence here either, so that the war with Spain saw old men at the top, elderly men in subordinate places, and young men hopeless.

ADMIRAL DEWEY

And now Admiral Dewey comes upon the scene. He ought to be of great use to the navy during the years of life and respect that are before him. I shall not say anything here that is very personal about Admiral Dewey. That has been said elsewhere. But Admiral Dewey is an officer the like of whom any foreign navy would be glad to have at its head. He is alert, careful, methodical, highly intelligent, thoroughly professional. He has said himself that when he was made an Admiral the best executive officer in the navy was spoiled. He knows the service from the top to the bottom, and besides knowing a good man when he sees him, he is conscious of the needs and limitations of the personnel, even now, after Congress has been induced to do something for the reformation of the crying old abuses. Why not permit Dewey, then, to be a real Admiral, to differ in this respect from his two predecessors? Of course the President will remain Commander-in-Chief, and the Secretary of the Navy will be his mouthpiece; but why not learn a little wisdom at the end of the century? Why not have a great Secretary of the Navy; a Secretary of the Navy great enough to know that he is incapable to command ships and officers and men; great enough to permit Admiral Dewey to sit at his ear and direct the navy through the human graphophone—or what should be that—established by the Constitution?

ENTRANCE OF THE AMERICAN SQUADRON INTO MANILA BAY THE NIGHT BEFORE THE BATTLE.

Drawn by G. W. Peters, Special Artist for "Harper's Weekly," from Description given him by Admiral Dewey.

The Battle of May 1

DETAILS OF THE GREAT NAVAL VICTORY, BASED UPON ADMIRAL DEWEY'S OWN DESCRIPTION

IN one of the best of the published accounts of Admiral Dewey's experiences at Manila we may read the following statement: "When it was reported that Admiral Camara was on his way to Manila with two powerful battle-ships, no one in Dewey's squadron felt any doubt that Camara was coming to his doom, although Dewey had only the lightest kind of cruisers, wholly unarmored, with which to fight him." Admiral Dewey himself said to Mr. Peters, HARPER'S WEEKLY'S special artist in the Philippines, that his anxiety was so great, in expectation of this attack, that he "lost many a night's sleep" in consequence, and that when the *Monadnock* and *Monterey* arrived to re-enforce his squadron he "was the happiest man in the world."

Let this contrast serve to show how difficult it has been, even for a careful observer who stood close to the Admiral, to get the latter's point of view exactly. The statement first quoted is not wholly erroneous. There was indeed a feeling of entire confidence in our fleet generally, but the man who knew best and cared most "lost many a night's sleep." The distinction of the contribution which Mr. Peters makes to the present issue of the WEEKLY, aside from the artistic quality in the work, is that Admiral Dewey supplied the information and placed material at our artist's disposal with the knowledge that it was to be used in this publication.

THE PICTURES AND THE STORY

At half past eleven o'clock on Saturday night, April 30, 1898, our squadron entered the Boca Grande, as the Spaniards called the wide channel, on the southern side of Corregidor Island, leading into Manila Bay. At that hour the moon was above the horizon, but veiled by clouds. Our vessels were steaming in column formation at eight knots. In the drawing by Mr. Peters the *Boston* is shown in the foreground, and the moment is chosen when a signal rocket was sent up from Corregidor. Half the squadron had passed when a battery on the mainland, south of the channel, sent a few shells wide of the mark — the *Boston* and *McCulloch* replying. It was merely a casual exchange of shots, for the serious opposition anticipated could not have been offered at this point.

In the Boca Chica, or channel north of Corregidor Island, mines had been placed, but they were contact mines, resting on the bottom in deep water, where no passing vessel could possibly strike them. The speed of our vessels was reduced so that they should not arrive off Manila long before daybreak; nevertheless, there was an interval of quiet waiting, our gray men-o'-war lying expectantly on the dark waters, at a point which may be approximately found on the extreme right in the illustration entitled "View of Cavite." There lay the city of Manila within range, and the enemy's big guns opened on our war-ships from the Luneta a few minutes after five o'clock. The squadron then steamed towards Cavite, the flag-ship *Olympia*, under Dewey's personal direction, leading, followed at a distance by the *Baltimore*, *Raleigh*, *Petrel*, *Concord*, and *Boston*, in the order named. Three batteries at Manila, two near Cavite, and the Spanish fleet anchored in a line east of Cavite opened fire, and mines were exploded ahead of the flag-ship, too far away to be effective.

About a quarter before six o'clock our gunners were allowed to reply. One of the illustrations shows the *Olympia's* deck as it appeared after the order to fire had been issued. Admiral Dewey stands alone on the bridge; Lieutenant Calkins, the navigator, is seen at his station by the compass, just forward of and above the bridge; other officers, including Mr. Stickney, who had been appointed aide *pro tem.*, are at a corresponding distance below the Admiral; the Spanish vessels and Point Sangley are at the right of the picture.

And now we may ascertain the position of the *Olympia* at that moment by turning again to the "View of Cavite," for Point Sangley is here shown in the centre of the drawing. The arsenal, dry dock, and repair shops are in the right foreground; the famous prison is partly hidden by foliage, near the centre of the picture, where the governor's palace also stands; mountains rise on the northern side of the great bay; Corregidor is barely visible on the left; the docks at which our commissary supplies were afterwards landed are conspicuous in the left foreground.

Our squadron countermarched in a line parallel to that of the Spanish fleet, pouring out a continuous fire at ranges varying from five thousand to two thousand yards. Two launches which came out from behind Point Sangley, with the apparent intention of using torpedoes, were easily destroyed; the Spanish flag-ship *Reina Cristina* fared little better when attempting to leave the line and engage our vessels at short range. At thirty-five minutes past seven o'clock Admiral Dewey gave orders to cease firing, and then, according to the popular belief, "withdrew the squadron for breakfast."

Now this breakfast episode is a rather precious item in the story. The words "I ceased firing and withdrew the squadron for breakfast" are taken from the unrevised version of a letter written by Dewey on May 4, 1898, and received at Washington on June 13. Mr. Joseph L. Stickney, however, in his account of the battle, speaks as though he had invented both phrase and pretext. He says that when our squadron hauled off from the fighting-line at 7.36, nothing of great importance had occurred to show that we had seriously injured any Spanish vessel, while the *Olympia's* stock of ammunition was so depleted that continuance of the fight for another period of two hours was impossible. "The gloom on the bridge of the *Olympia*," he continues, "was thicker than a London fog in November. . . . Dewey hauled out into the open bay to take stock of ammunition and devise a new plan of attack." According to his own account, Mr. Stickney asked and received permission to declare that the squadron withdrew so that the men could take breakfast. But here again we have come upon a statement which is misleading without being quite untrue. No doubt it did seem necessary, or at least advisable, to take stock of ammunition and find out how the vessels of our squadron had fared. But the Admiral says that already the Spanish flag-ship had been "barely able to return to the shelter of the point," and "the fires started in her by our shells at the time were not extinguished until she sank." In other words, he had taken the enemy's measure and had good reason to be confident of victory. To investigate the report in regard to a shortage of ammunition, and, if necessary, to redistribute shells of certain sizes; to make other preparations for delivering a crushing blow, *and to take breakfast*—was precisely the sort of proposition that would appeal to his good sense and his sense of humor.

Accordingly, such preparations were made out on the bay without haste. Almost four hours elapsed before the attack was renewed; but then the work was sharp and decisive, and instead of "another period of two hours," only a little more than one hour was required to complete the destruction which had been in progress meanwhile — the result of fires our shells had started in the early morning encounter. The *Reina Cristina* and almost all the Spanish fleet were in flames when the second onset occurred. The flames had done the work of many broadsides. Half an hour after noon "our squadron ceased firing, the batteries being silenced and the ships sunk, burned, and deserted."

Of course the defeated Spanish Admiral had many enemies after the battle; it is very far from being necessary, however, to reckon among these the man into whose hands Montojo's glory had been delivered. When the subject of the Spanish resistance was mentioned, Dewey always referred most kindly and appreciatively to his unfortunate antagonist, and on one occasion at least expressed a desire to know him personally. Admiral Montojo, when Mr. Peters went to see him, was living very quietly with his wife, two daughters, and a son, in an inconspicuous house in the old walled portion of the city, about five minutes' walk from General Otis's headquarters.

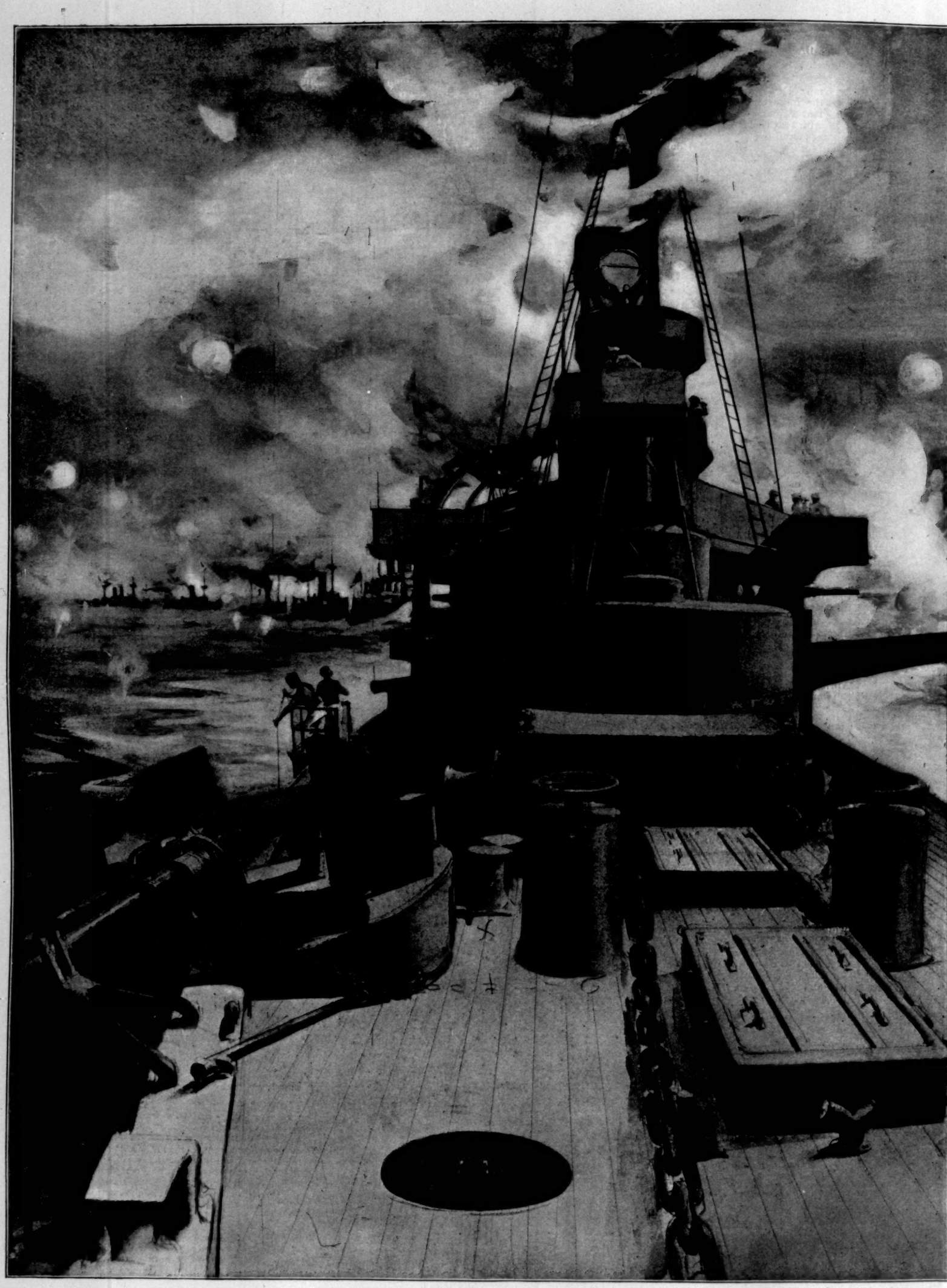
He gave to our artist several sittings for the portrait which is reproduced on this page, and in the course of their conversations he quite naturally spoke of the American whose success had been his own immeasurable loss. On his side there was more sensitiveness, as might have been expected; but he gave no indication of it except in the shortness and finality of his reply to a direct question, when he said, "No, I have never met Admiral Dewey."

Admiral Dewey's favorable comments upon the character of the fighting Tagalogs of Luzon have been so widely quoted that it is especially interesting to note the esteem in which the victor at Manila was held by our present enemies. Mr. Peters says that "Dewey was to the insurgents the greatest man on earth up to the time when hostilities commenced."

And certainly Mr. Peters had exceptional opportunities for making his observations. He went out with General Merritt on the *Newport*, and travelled through many parts of Luzon, associating with the natives and enjoying their famous hospitality. "They could not do enough for me," he says; "they would bring people to see me, and introduce me to their friends." It was easy for a stranger to go about among them; he was entertained at General Luna's house, and made the acquaintance of the distinguished native artist, General Luna's brother. But his appreciation of the hospitable, music-loving Tagalogs perhaps kept him from realizing the signs of impending revolt during the first month of the present year. On February 1, when he was out on horseback making sketches, he got within the Filipino lines near Block-house No. 7—the point where the fighting began on February 4. Unfortunately the suspicion of the native troops was aroused; he was arrested as a spy, sent to Caloocan, and there confined in prison until February 4.

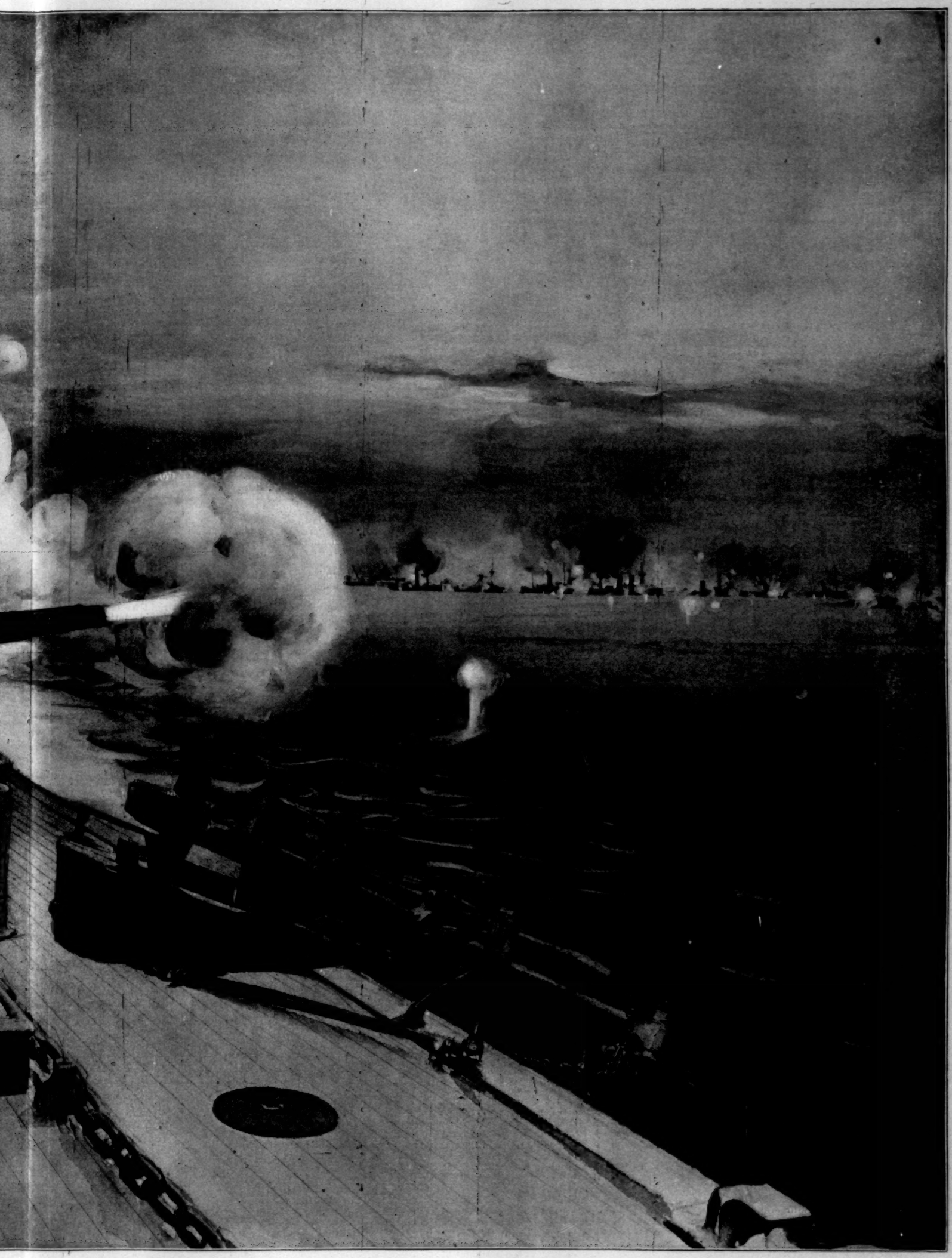
MARRION WILCOX

REAR-ADMIRAL PATRICIO MONTOJO Y PASARON,
Who Commanded the Spanish Squadron at Manila.—Drawn by G. W. Peters.



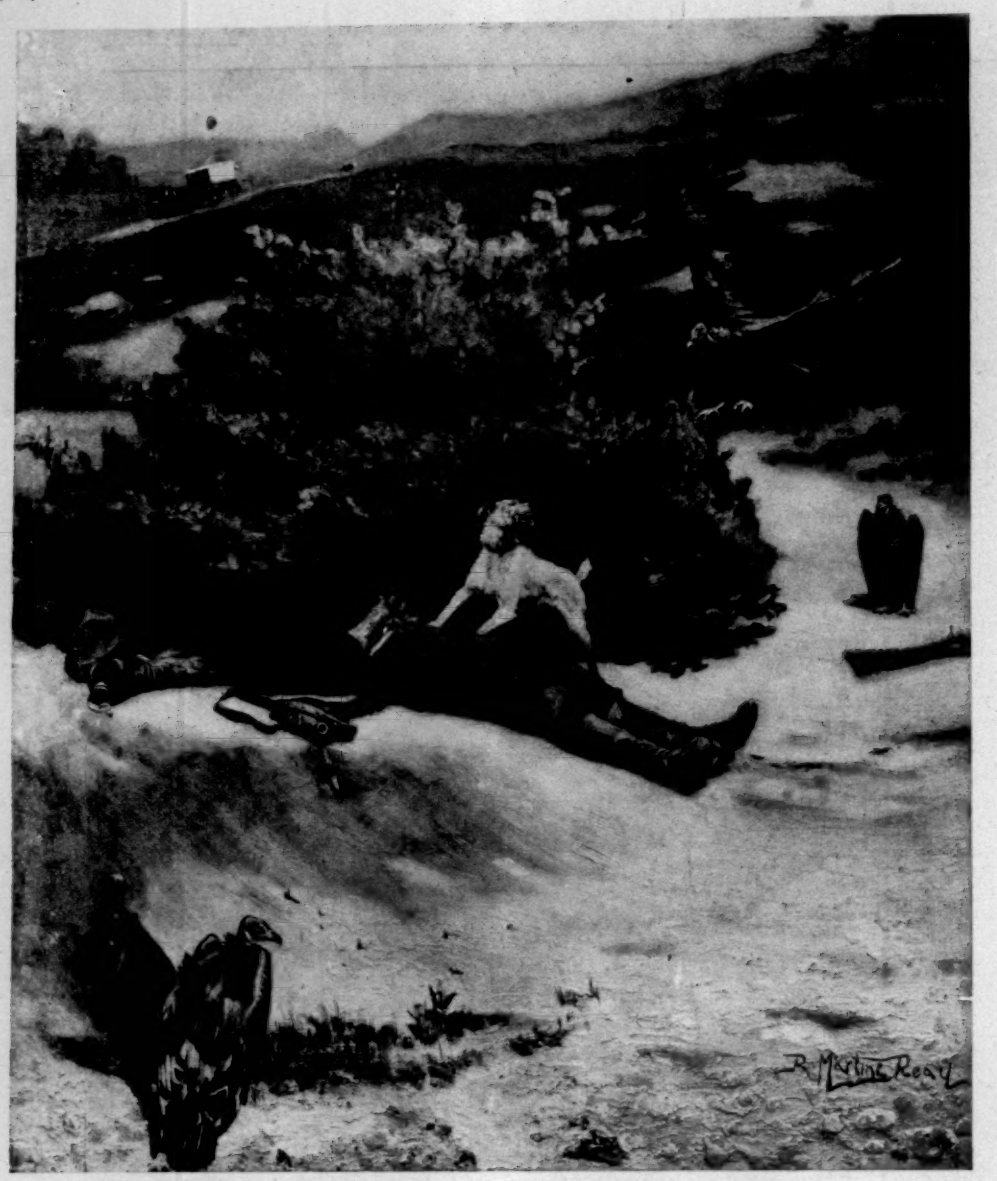
THE BATTLE OF MANILA, AS SEEN FROM

DRAWN BY G. W. PETERS, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."



OM THE BOW OF THE FLAG-SHIP "OLYMPIA."

LY," AFTER A DESCRIPTION BY ADMIRAL DEWEY, AND APPROVED BY HIM.



JIM

BY R. K. MUNKITTRICK

AN outcast in yellow, he roamed on the street,
And followed the boys to the beat of the drum,
Whose rat-tat-tat-tat to his spirit was sweet—
He saw through the dust and the rattle and hum
Old Glory unfurl in the breezes to fly,
And wake the wild cheers that went up to the sky.

And so with the soldiers he trotted away—
The soldiers whose names live in story and song;
He barked 'neath the colors that waved o'er the fray,
All tattered with balls that went zipping along.
He watched with the sentry, he watched with the dead,
Against the grim buzzards that shrieked overhead.

The ambulance-driver took note of his bark—
The bark that oft warned him of fortune ill-starred.
He guarded the camp in the night's starless dark
That ne'er had a home or a master to guard.
He loved all the boys, and the boys all loved him,
This volunteer fighter known only as Jim.

Oh, back with the soldiers he came on a jog—
He oft greets them still with a bark and a wag.
For now he's a mascot—an armory dog
That sleeps on a rug 'neath the peace-folded flag,
And fights in his dreams 'neath that banner once more—
A four-footed soldier dead game to the core.

MR. DOOLEY*

AT CLOSE QUARTERS WITH THE DREYFUS CASE

II.

"IT was about this time or some years later," continues Gin'ral Merceer, "that I received ividince iv th' Cap.'s guilt. I made it mesilf. It was a letter written be me fr'm th' Cap. to a German grocer, askin' f'r twinty r-rounds iv sausage. [Turmoil in th' coort.] It was impossible, mon colonel, that this here letter cud have been written be Estherhazy. In th' first place, he was in Paris at th' time; in th' sicond place, he was in London. Th' letter is not in his handwritin', but in th' handwritin' iv Colonel Pat th' Clam. Thin again, I wrote th' letter mesilf. Thin who cud 've written it? It must 've been Cap. Dhryfuss. [Cheers fr'm th' Coort.] I give me reasons as they occurred to me: first, th' Armeenyan athrocities; sicond, th' risignation iv Gin'ral Alger; third, th' marriage iv Prince Lobengula; fourth, th' scarcity iv sarvint-girls in th' sooburban towns; fifth, th' price iv gas. [Cries iv "Abase the price iv gas!"] I thank th' aujience. I will raysume where I left off. I was speakin' iv Gin'ral Guns. I mat him on th' sthreet. Th' moon was clear in th' sky. I says, 'Guns,' I says, 'lave us go down to Hogan's, an' I'll buy ye a tub iv obsceenthe.' As we sthrolled through th' bullyvard I saw a man that looked like a German dhrivin' a cab. I was overcome with terror. I r-ran madly home, followed by Guns. It was a week befure I cud hold a glass iv obsceenthe without spillin' th' liquor. Shortly afther this, or it may've been tin years befure, or it may niver have occurred [Th' Coort: "Spoken like a Fr-rinchman an' a sojer."] in th' middle iv July a man tol' me that th' divine Sara [Wild an' continyous applause. Cries iv "Sara foriver!"] was about to projooce th' immortal play iv 'Omelet' [Cheers] be th' wretched Shakspere. [Hisses.] Cud annything be clearer? I will detain th' Coort not longer thin a day while I give me opinyon on this marvellous performance."

Cap. Dhryfuss was settin' on th' window-sill whistlin' "Garry Owen" an' makin' faces at th' gallant corryspondint iv th' *Daily Wrongs iv Man*. At this point he cried out, laughingly: "I will not conthradict th' gin'ral. I will say he lies. I saw th' letter mesilf, an' that man was Estherhazy." (Sensation.)

"Let me ask this canal iv a Jew a question," says th' corryspondint iv th' evening *Rothscheeld Roaster*, a Fr-rinchman be th' name iv Sol Levi.

"Ask it," says Cap. Dhryfuss.

"You are a despicable thraitor," says th' gallant corryspondint. (Sensation.)

"Th' pris'nor must answer," says th' Coort. "It is now nearly six o'clock iv th' mornin', an' time to get up an' dhress."

"I refuse to make anny commint," says Cap. Dhryfuss.

Th' pris'nor's remark, uttered in tones iv despair, caused gr-reat emotion in th' aujience. There were angry cries iv "Lynch him!" an' all eyes were tur-rned to th' Cap.

"Silence!" roared th' Coort, bendin' a stern, inflexible look on th' pris'nor. "This is a coort iv justice. We ar-re disposed f'r to gr-rant iv'ry indulgence, but if outsiders persist in intherferin' with these proceedin's," he says, "we'll expel thim fr'm th' r-room. What does th' pris'nor think this is?"

"I thought it was a thrile," says th' Cap., "but, be th' number iv vet'ran journalists here, it must be th' openin' iv a new hotel."

"Not another wurrud," says th' Coort, "or ye'll be fired out. No wan shall insult th' honest, har-rd-wurrkin', sober, sensible journalists iv Fr-rance. Not if this Coort knows it. Ye bet ye, boys, th' Coort is with ye. Th' press is th' pallajeem iv our liberties. Gin'ral Merceer will raysume his tistimony. He was speakin' of th' game iv goluf."

"Perhaps I'd betther sing it," says th' gin'ral.

"I'll play an accompanymint f'r ye on th' flute," says th' prisidint iv th' coort. "While Gin'ral Merceer is proceedin' with his remarks, call Colonel Pat th' Clam, who's sick an' can't come. Swear Gin'ral Billot, Gin'ral Boisdeffer, Gin'ral Chammy, an' th' former mimbers iv th' gover'mint."

"I object to thim bein' sworn," says Matther Blamange.

"They must be sworn," said th' prisidint. "How th' divvle can they perjure thimsilves if they ain't sworn? An' who ar-re ye, annyhow?"

"I'm th' council f'r th' pris'nor," says Matther Blamange.

"Get out," says the prisident.

"Get out ye'ersilf," says Matther Blamange. "I'm as good a man as ye ar-re. I will ask that gintleman who jist went out th' dure, 'Does it pay to keep up appearances?'" (Groans.)

"Gin'ral Billot," says th' prisidint, "what d'ye know about this infernal case which is broodin' like a nightmare over our belovid counthry an' gettin' us up ivry mornin' befure milkin'-time?"

"Nawthin' at all," says Gin'ral Billot.

"Nather do I," says th' prisidint. "But I think th' Cap.'s guilty."

"I'm glad to hear ye say that," says the gin'ral. "If ye didn't, I'd rayjooce ye to th' r-ranks to-morrah. I niver see th' man befure, an', be hivins! I don't want to see him again. But I have a letter here fr'm him askin' me if he cud knock off wurruk at four o'clock to go to his aunt's fun'ral."

"Cap.," says the prisidint, "what ye got to say to this? Did ye write th' letter?"

"I did," says th' Cap.

"Throw it out, thin," says th' prisidint. "We must be guided be th' laws iv ividince. Th' witness will confine himsilf to forgeries. Have you e'er a forgery about ye'er clothes, mon gin'ral?"

"I wish to confront th' witness," says Matther Blamange.

"Set down," says th' prisidint.

"D'ye raymimber meetin' me at dinner at Moosoo de Bozoo's? It was years ago durin' th' time iv Napolyeon, befure th' big fire. If I raymimber r-right we had pease. Wasn't it a lovely night? Oh dear, oh dear, gintlemen iv th' press an' mon prisidint, ye ought to have been there! Well, I says to Gin'ral Billot, I says, 'Gin'ral,' I says, 'how ar-re ye, annyhow?' An' the gin'ral replies, 'F'r an ol' man, well.' I made up me mind thin that th' Cap. was innocint, an' this was befure he was born."

"Me distinguished colleague in th' thrile iv this case, th' editor iv wan iv th' Paris papers," says th' prisidint, "has received a letter fr'm th' military attachay or spy iv th' Impror iv Austhrich, sayin' that he did not write th' letter referred to be Prisidint Kruger, an' if he did it's a forgery. But what cud ye ixpict? I will throw both letters into th' secret dossier."

"What's that?" says Matther Blamange.

"It's a collection iv pomes wrote to th' Paris papers be spies," says th' prisidint. "Call Colonel Peekhart, if th' others ar-re not through. What, you again, Peekhart? Set down, sir!"

"Gintlemen iv Fr-rance," says Colonel Peekhart, "unaccustomed as I am to public speakin', I wish to addhress ye a few wurruds on th' situation iv th' poor in China."

"Assassin!" hisses the Coort.

"Canal!" says Matther Blamange.

At this moment th' door was burst open an' an ex-Prisidint iv Fr-rance come boundin' in, an', r-rushing up th' steps iv th' thrybune, smacked Gin'ral Merceer in th' eye. Th' gr-reatest rayspict was shown f'r th' former chief magistrate iv th' raypublic. No wan shot at him. He was white with r-rage. "Th' honor iv Fr-rance is at stake," he says. "Our counthry lies prostrate in th' mud. I must presarve th' dignity iv me high office, but if Gin'ral Merceer will step out into th' back yard I'll beat his head off. I don't know annything about this accursed case. It was all referred to me whin I was Prisidint. I am here to see that th' honor iv me high office is not assailed. I protest I did not say what an anonymous corryspondint in to-night's *Sore* says I did. I did me jooty. Whin I saw th' ar-my disorganized an Fr-rance beset be foreign foes, I raysigned. What was I to do? Was I to stay in office an' have me hat smashed in ivry time I wint out to walk? I tell ye, gintlemen, that office is no sign cure. Until hats are made iv cast ir'n no poor man can be Prisidint iv Fr-rance. But I was not speakin' iv th' Dhryfuss case."

"Don't dare to mintion that matter in this coort," says th' prisidint. "I'm surprised a man iv ye're intillegence 'd thry to dhrag in exthranyous matther whin th' honor iv th' ar-rmy is at stake. Gin'ral Merceer, stand beside this witness. Now both speak at wanst! Annybody else that has annything to say, lave him say it now, so it won't be heard."

"Mon colonel," says a former minister iv th' Fr-rinch gover'mint, who was th' policeman at th' dure, "Judge Crazy th' Boorepare is here demandin' to be heard."

"Gr-reat hivins!" says the Coort, and they wint out through the windows.

That night there was gr-reat excitement in Rennes. Th' citizens dhrivin' home their cows cud har'ly make their way through th' excited throngs on th' sthreet. Th' corryspondints iv th' English papers do not dare to go to bed befure nine o'clock, on account iv rumors iv a gin'ral massacre. Madame Sara Bernhardt gave a magnificent performance at th' theaytre an' was wildly cheered. It was believed in London, Buda-Pesth, Posen, New York, Cookham, an' Upper Sandusky that Fr-rance is about to parish. As I go to press th' news has excited no comment in Fr-rance.

P. F. DUNNE.

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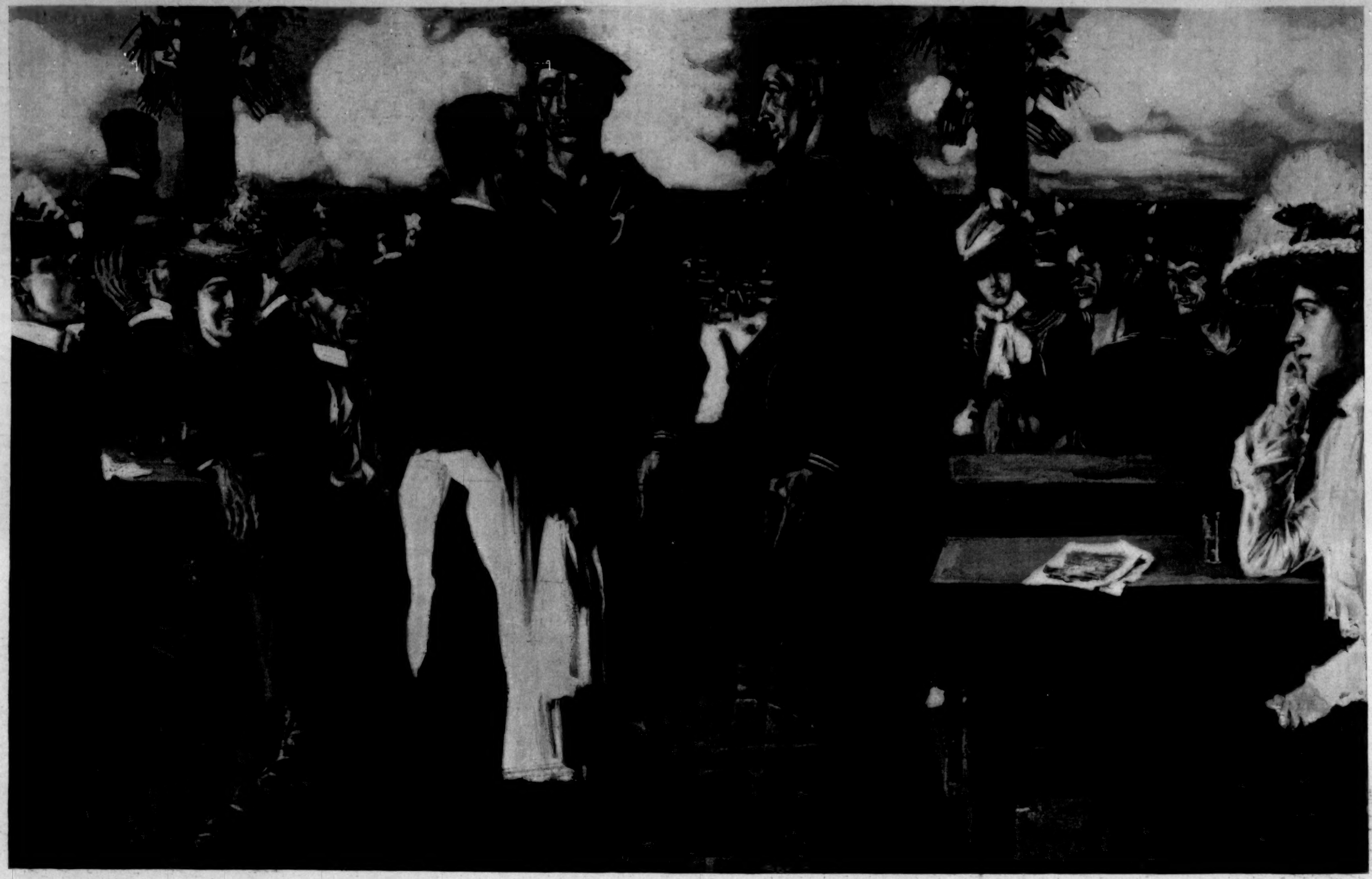

JACK ASHORE—A DAY'S ENJOYMENT AFTER A LONG CRUISE.—Drawn by E. Hering.

TRIED FOR HIS OWN MURDER. *By Julian Ralph*

TENS of thousands of newspaper-readers remember the story of the murder of a man named Sylvanus Birch while he was bringing home from India the fourth or fifth largest diamond in the world. His disappearance, under very strange circumstances, occurred at Aden on the Red Sea. And now the murderer had been caught in New York while trying to sell this world-famous diamond. In fact, he was already undergoing examination in order to be fully committed for trial.

The court-room was crowded. The eyes of the people shifted to and fro between the prisoner and the jewel, which lay blazing on a small table in front of the magistrate. It was larger than a black-walnut. It had been beautifully cut, as if to be set in a ring such as only a Samson could have worn. It shone as if the brilliancy of an electric light were breaking out of it at scores of points. Beside it lay the leather case in which the prisoner, John Doe, had carried it. The case was made in two parts, which gaped asunder like the two sections of a walnut-shell. A pair of twisted silken strings fell away from it and showed how the prisoner had tied the jewel, in its case, around his neck. As they lay on the table the strings appeared like the sensitive antennæ of an insect spread far apart, as if to guard the jewel against the near approach of an enemy or thief.

The prisoner was seated, and a policeman stood behind his chair. He was a very thin, dark-skinned, bearded man of thirty-two or thirty-three years, whose appearance confused the judgment of the people because he had the features of an Anglo-Saxon, and yet might pass for an Oriental. His manner was that of a man who suddenly passes from darkness into strong light. He wore a strained and staring expression, behind which one saw that he was dazed and surprised. His was such a look as one often sees in the eyes of a very young baby. His outer dress was a rough business or lounging suit that was dusty and wrinkled, and around his collar he had put on a narrow black tie so carelessly that it might as well have been a bit of string.

While the crowd listened breathlessly to the history of the crime as it rang from the lips of the prosecuting attorney, the prisoner did not wince or hang his head, neither did he exhibit bravado. He sat there staring and listening, with a dazed face, like one who looks without seeing, and listens, yet does not hear.

"We know," said the assistant district attorney, "that seven years ago Sylvanus Birch had performed such services for the Rajah of Putnow that His Highness the Rajah bestowed upon him the most superb jewel in his treasure-house. His Highness believed that Birch had saved his life. Birch came away from India on a steamship of the Peninsular and Oriental Line, speeding toward the lady to whom he had promised marriage. Before he embarked he wrote to her, stating that he was being followed by a slender, swarthy, black-bearded man who had appeared close to him at every turn in his journey across India, and finally had engaged passage on the self-same ship on which Birch was homeward bound. Birch wrote that he feared that this bearded man—the same who stands before you at the bar, your Honor—would attempt to murder him at sea after securing the great diamond which was secreted on his person. He was sure that this man alone, among all the men around him, knew of the Rajah's gift. Birch described the jewel by name and weight, by shape and size. A famous expert, who is to testify before your Honor, will swear that the jewel about which he wrote is undoubtedly this which lies before you."

"SHE CRIED OUT, 'OH, BARNEY!' AND FELL TO THE FLOOR IN A SWOON."

The Magistrate: "What sort of a man was Birch in appearance?"

The Prosecutor: "A very stout man, your Honor, with black hair, but blue-eyed, and with a very fair skin, which he always kept clean shaven."

The Magistrate: "The prisoner has blue eyes."

The Prosecutor: "Yes, but he is taller than his victim is said to have been; he is very thin; he is very dark—a totally different type of man, your Honor."

The Magistrate: "Well, go on."

The Prosecutor: "Your Honor, Birch was never heard from again. The ship touched at Aden, where he was done to death, and his money and this priceless jewel passed from his keeping to that of his murderer—this John Doe who stands before you. When the ship took up its voyage from Aden, both Birch and this prisoner were missed from among the passengers. The facts in the case were laid before the police of London, Paris, and New York. Seven years passed, and last week the matter was brought to mind by the appearance in this city of this man and the diamond, which has betrayed him because he exposed it for sale. His appearance is sufficient to arouse our suspicion, and this is confirmed not merely by his having this jewel in his possession, but by many other evidences of guilt. For instance, your Honor, here I offer in evidence a shirt collar of Birch's which was found in the bundle which the prisoner carried. It is plainly marked 'S. B.' And here is a penknife found upon the prisoner, and having the same initials roughly scratched upon the handle. No other article taken with the prisoner bears any mark at all. Moreover, the prisoner, overwhelmed by the proof against him, refuses to speak either of himself or of his victim. When arrested he gave the name of Sylvanus Birch. Immediately he appeared to see his mistake, which riveted suspicion upon him. He became silent, where an innocent man would have volubly protested his innocence. We have put detectives in his cell with him to pretend they were fellow-prisoners. We have had detectives take the place of jailers to wait upon him. To all he has remained silent, and we hope to convince your Honor that in this course he has shown the cunning of a guilty man."

The Magistrate: "Why have you kept silent?"

John Doe, the prisoner: "I ain't much of a talker. I gave my name—Sylvanus Birch—and said I was innocent. I did not murder myself. What else could I say?"

The Magistrate: "I am going to ask you some questions, but must warn you that whatever you say may be used against you."

The Prisoner: "It can't. I'm Sylvanus Birch."

The Magistrate: "What have you to say about that collar and penknife?"

The Prisoner: "Nothing. They're marked with my name. They're mine."

The Prosecutor: "Will your Honor ask him to put on that collar, since it is his?"

The Prisoner: "I couldn't. It is a No. 17; now I wear No. 15½. I've got thinner than I used to be."

The Magistrate: "Have you no other clothes that belonged to you when you were stout?"

The Prisoner: "No, sir."

The Magistrate: "Why have you kept that collar, and nothing else?"

The Prisoner: "It's a collar that she—once. It's a keepsake."

The sound of an exclamation, like a note of pain that was gasped rather than uttered freely, disturbed the silence which followed the prisoner's answer. The people turned in their seats, but appeared not to locate the disturber. The magistrate commanded quiet.

The Prisoner: "I always thought that collar would bring me trouble."

The Prosecutor: "Aha! Your Honor heard that? Your Honor will note the significance of that remark."

The Prisoner (to the Prosecutor): "Don't twist anything. Every one can see that that collar has got me into trouble, because I am not murdered and it's my own collar."

The Magistrate: "Very well. Can you prove yourself to be Birch?"

The Prisoner: "If I ain't Birch, where is he—or his body?"

The Magistrate: "True, we must prove you guilty; but it is not like an innocent man to take that ground. It is now 3.15 by the clock. If I were now a spectator here, instead of a judge, and tomorrow I should be accused of breaking into a house at three o'clock of the previous day, I should instantly give the names of the persons who saw me here, in order to prove myself innocent. Your course is quite as consistent with guilt as with the innocence you profess."

The Prisoner: "No one knows me. I have no relatives."

The Magistrate: "What ship did you come in?"

The Prisoner: "None. I walked."

The Magistrate: "From Arabia?"

The Prisoner: "From Vera Cruz. I landed there from the French bark *Flameng* about four months ago, and tramped here. I had very little money."

The Magistrate: "Where is your home?"

The Prisoner: "I'm the only child of my parents. They're buried in the church-yard at Ackworth in Yorkshire, England. They were married at St. Thomas's Church in this city, fifty years ago. The records will prove who I am."

The Magistrate: "You might know a score of such facts about Birch. Be careful, I warn you. Such remarks may contribute to your conviction."

The Prisoner: "How can I be convicted of murdering myself?"

The Magistrate: "I will adjourn the case. Mr. Phelps, have you any idea when you will be ready with your evidence against the prisoner? Prisoner, I remand you, to appear here on such date as I may determine. You are a very obstinate fellow. You make it difficult for any one to help you; still more difficult for anybody to believe you innocent. Your present course, if continued before a jury, will certainly convict you."

The Prisoner: "I'm Sylvanus Birch—though it doesn't matter much."

The policeman in charge of the prisoner now touched John Doe upon the shoulder, whereupon he arose and walked out into the open space before the Bench on his way to his cell in the Tombs. He had reached the middle of the open space when the Prosecutor spoke.

The Prosecutor: "If your Honor will set the next hearing down for two weeks hence, I will try to be ready. We are searching for the woman to whom the murdered man was engaged to be married."

The Prisoner: "Is she alive?"

The Prosecutor: "Of whom are you speaking?"

The Prisoner: "I do not know what name she goes by."

The Prosecutor: "Humph! That is very likely."

The Prisoner: "If you mean the woman who was Mary Bennett, she will identify me. But I hope you will not find her."

The Magistrate: "Was the woman's name Mary Bennett?"

The Prosecutor: "Yes; but he might easily know that by the letters among the dead man's effects."

The Prisoner: "She has wrecked my life."

He turned to pursue his way across the room, when there arose a commotion in that part of the court-room which was set apart for the public. A woman tore her way out from among the people, pushing and pulling them aside as she went. When she reached the foremost line, she cried out, "Oh, Barney!" and fell to the floor in a swoon.

The Prisoner: "There is your Mary Bennett. Officer, take me to prison. Let me get away from here."

The Magistrate: "Did she not call out 'Barney' to the prisoner? This is important. Officer, put the prisoner back on the stand. Since it is apparent that he is not Sylvanus Birch, we will see who he is. Get water and revive the woman."

The Prisoner (back in his place): "May I speak, your Honor?"

The Magistrate: "You may, but I warn you that you would better not."

The prisoner paid no heed to the warning. Turning to the magistrate with a sudden burst of feeling which caused his face to radiate with intelligence, he let loose what was, for so reticent a man, a torrent of words.

"That woman has already sentenced me to death," he cried out, "and she cannot undo her work. Why must I endure this? Won't you please let me go to jail—for life, if you like; only leave her out of this. At Aden, your Honor, while I was hurrying home to marry her, I got word from her mother that she would become another man's bride before I could reach home. Such was my love for her that all the joy of life fled from me in an instant. I had been afraid that a fellow-passenger was plotting to rob and murder me. I sent on his description to my affianced, that she might have him pursued if he succeeded; that she might know I feared death only because it would part us two on earth. But when I got her mother's letter I courted death. I sought the man whom I had feared, and asked him to journey with me deep into the wild lands of Africa. I agreed to pay his way and give him a salary as well. We set out by ourselves, and, as he was armed, I was constantly at his mercy, by day as well as night. He offered me no violence. He would not kill me. I began to tempt him. I showed him my diamond and my money. I even got him to tie my diamond about my neck. He was honest and loyal, and, instead of murdering me, he once saved my life. We were attacked by savages, and though I rushed upon their spears, he killed two and put the rest to flight. Instead of thanking him, I denounced him. I wailed out my disappointment at finding him a man of honor. I drove him from me with difficulty, for he thought me mad. I was indeed mad—or desperate. That woman made me so. You cannot think how I had loved her. Words could never express it. Yet she could not wait for me, though I was only away two years and was returning rich."

The court attendants had raised the woman to a chair, and her eyes were beginning to open. Her senses were returning. The reporters who were present all described her in the papers of the following morning as an extraordinarily beautiful woman.

"I journeyed on alone, into the mountains and beyond them," the prisoner continued. "I became a lion-hunter, single handed. Oh, but lions are cowardly beasts! I could never get one to face and kill me. All ran from me. I met an Italian exploring expedition and joined it. I slept in feverish, marshy places. I quarrelled with the chief of the expedition, a soldier, and challenged him. He declared me insane, and kissed me and cried over me. He would not fight me. I ran away alone into the jungle, and took the fever. Alas! some negroes found me and effected my cure. They discovered my diamond and declared me a god. Even their chief worshipped me. I cannot tell you what indignities I heaped upon him, but he only showered favors upon me in return. I fled from that tribe, I wandered back to the coast, and at last I came here, determined to sell my diamond and live upon my means until war should break out here or in Europe. Then I meant to enlist and die in battle. I was arrested, and my plans are altered; but I am as well suited in prison as anywhere. Let me go to my cell. Above all, do not let that woman interfere to save me."

"Barney! Barney!" the woman cried out. "Do you not know me?"

The Magistrate: "Who is this man whom you call Barney?"

Mary Bennett: "He is Sylvanus Birch, sir."

The Magistrate: "Will you swear to that?"

Mary Bennett: "Yes. Oh, it is really so! Do let him be free, please, your Honor. I—"

The Magistrate: "You called him 'Barney.'"

Mary Bennett: "It is his pet name. I never called him by his real name. Oh, do let him go free! I have waited so long for him."

The prisoner raised his eyes and looked into her face eagerly.

The Magistrate: "Are you not married?"

Mary Bennett: "Why, no, sir! Barney is—is—engaged to me!"

The Magistrate: "He says you jilted him."

Mary Bennett: "Oh no, Barney, you don't say that! You never doubted me, did you, Barney?"

The Prisoner: "Your mother wrote to me that you were about to marry some one else."

Mary Bennett: "Oh, good heavens! Barney, you did not believe that! Say you didn't believe it! You know that mother never liked you, and she wrote what she wanted—what she made herself believe would happen. But she's dead, Barney dear; do forgive her."

"But—but—" here she paused and searched his face with a swift glance. Then she almost screamed: "You do not smile at me! Have you changed toward me? Oh, that would break my heart!"

The prisoner darted towards her, but the policeman seized his coat collar and pulled him back. He did not measure the intensity of his captive's emotion, for, in fact, not three men together could have held him. Birch threw the officer away from him as a man might toss a cap from his head. Then he vaulted the rail before his chair, and rushing to his betrothed's side, caught her in his arms.

"Your Honor," he called out, "my plans are changed again. I do not want to go to prison."

"Clear the court!" cried the magistrate. "Officers, allow no one to remain except the attendants, witnesses, and counsel. We will conclude this examination with closed doors."

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WITH SWORD AND CRUCIFIX. *By Edward S. Van Zile*

This story was begun September 9, 1899.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

Louis de Sancerre, a noble of France, having killed a Spanish grandee in a duel for love, has come with de la Salle to try his fortune in a new world. At dead of night an old woman brings him a piece of bark, on which is scratched the name of Julia de Aquilar, for whom he has left his native land. Katonah, sister of Chatémuc, a trusted Indian guide, has become enamoured of him. De la Salle decides to send de Sancerre, Chatémuc, and Katonah to discover their midnight visitor. The story reverts to Seville, whence Don Rodrigo de Aquilar is sailing for the lands in America granted him by the Spanish King. He is accompanied by his daughter, Julia, and his secretary, Juan Rodriquez. On the voyage the latter declares to Julia his love for her, and threatens mischief in case of refusal. The vessel is wrecked. Juan Rodriquez swims with Julia to the shore, and later sees from a distance two white-robed beings carry her away.... La Salle's mission, to which have been added Henri de Tonti, the explorer's bosom friend, and Zenobe Membré, a Franciscan friar, reaches the "Children of the Sun," as the natives style themselves, and is hospitably received. De Sancerre endeavors to obtain an explanation of the mysterious message.

CHAPTER XII.

IN WHICH CHATÉMUC FINDS THE INSPIRATION WHICH HE LACKED.

"'TWAS as I said it would be, my Chatémuc," exclaimed Membré, mournfully, as the friar and his convert retired from the immediate presence of royalty. "As long as yonder temple protects its hellish fire the ears of this great monarch will be deaf to words of mine. Mother of God, 'tis sad! He has a noble face. I would that I might live to shrive him of the many sins his haughty pride begets!"

Chatémuc gave vent to what might have been a pious groan, though it sounded to a listening group of sun-worshippers like the grunt of an ill-tempered man. The half-civilized Mohican had good reasons for his discontented mood. His unexpected discovery of a race of native Americans taller, better proportioned, and seemingly more muscular than his kinsmen of the North had touched his sullen pride. Furthermore, Chatémuc felt that he had been made a victim, at the very foot of the throne, of a cleverly designed conspiracy. De Sancerre had spoken a few words to Noco, and the latter had addressed the King himself. In his native tongue the Great Sun had issued an order, which had been translated by Noco into Spanish, and which de Sancerre had turned into French for the benefit—or, rather, for the disturbance—of Chatémuc. The royal behest had been uncompromising in its curt simplicity. The Brother of the Sun had ordered Noco to act as hostess to Katonah during the latter's sojourn within his domain. Annoyed as the Mohican had been at this command, he had reluctantly recognized the futility of an open protest against the disposition made, without his consent, of his sister. He had retired with the Franciscan from the group surrounding the King's litter, with a burning desire in his heart to make mischief. Quick to read the mind of Chatémuc, the gray friar, whose open zeal as a proselyter had been changed by the Great Sun's stubborn indifference to the awful significance of the crucifix into the craft of a schemer, was now pouring into the Mohican's ears words emphasizing the glories of martyrdom, and picturing the bliss which awaited those who perished for the cause of Mother-Church. The Franciscan and his convert had withdrawn to a sunny slope a few yards to the eastward of the flower-strewn hillock upon which the Brother of the Sun maintained the pomp of royalty.

Had the eyes and ears of Chatémuc and Membré been open at that moment to pleasant impressions, they would have found many sources of delight in their surroundings. They gazed upon a multicolored scene, whose most striking features they had never, in their many years of forest travel, looked upon before. Bright-hued flowers, trees gay with the blossoms of spring, birds whose brilliant plumage suggested the possibility that a rainbow, shattered into small bits, had found wings for the remnants of its glory, and over all a blue canopy, across which floated white, fleecy playthings of the breeze, whispered in vain their story of love and peace to the zealous friar and his attentive tool.

From the westward came the inspiring shouts of the home-going multitude, and the noise of kettle-drums helping the army to keep perfect time as it marched, a snow-white phalanx, toward the City of the Sun. From their coign of vantage Membré and the Mohican could see that a monarch who had snubbed the former and enraged the latter harbored no present intention of following his subjects and his army toward his city. In fact, it soon became apparent that the Brother of the Sun was about to regale his guests with a somewhat pretentious feast. Upon litters, undecorated and simple in construction, servants belonging to the lowest social caste—slaves in fact, if not by law—bore from the city food designed to give a substantial foundation to the Great Sun's *fête champêtre*. Women brought rudely constructed wooden benches to the grass-carpeted banquet-hall, whose decorations were spring flowers and whose roof was the smiling sky.

It was well for the good feeling that de Sancerre had done so much to strengthen between the Children of the Sun and Moon that the slaves made ready the feast with great despatch, for the inopportune attempt of Zenobe Membré to convert the King at one stroke from the religion of his ancestors to a faith whose mysteries a sign-language was impotent to explain had cast a damper upon the group surrounding royalty. While it was true that the Great Sun had not taken offence at the inexplicable demonstration made by the zealous friar, he had become thoughtful and silent after the retreat of Membré and the Mohican. To relieve the situation, Henri de Tonti, a soldier unfitted either by disposition or habit for delicate feats of diplomacy, made no effort. Upon his scarred and unsymmetrical countenance rested an expression of sullen discontent, as he stood with folded arms, pretending to watch the preparations for a feast for which he had no heart. His jealousy of de Sancerre increased as he saw that, through the aid of Noco's tongue, the courtier was tempting back again the smile of friendly interest to the black-eyed monarch's face. Undecided whether to flee to the hillock where her brother stood, or to place herself in Noco's charge, according to the King's command, Katonah lingered irresolutely by de Sancerre's side, while her heart beat fast with the dread of an impending peril, whose source she could not divine.

Presently the activity of the slaves ceased for a moment, and the master of ceremonies—"le maître d'hôtel," as de Sancerre dubbed him under his breath—approached the throne with arms stretched upward above his head, and announced in one word that the preparations for the banquet had been completed.

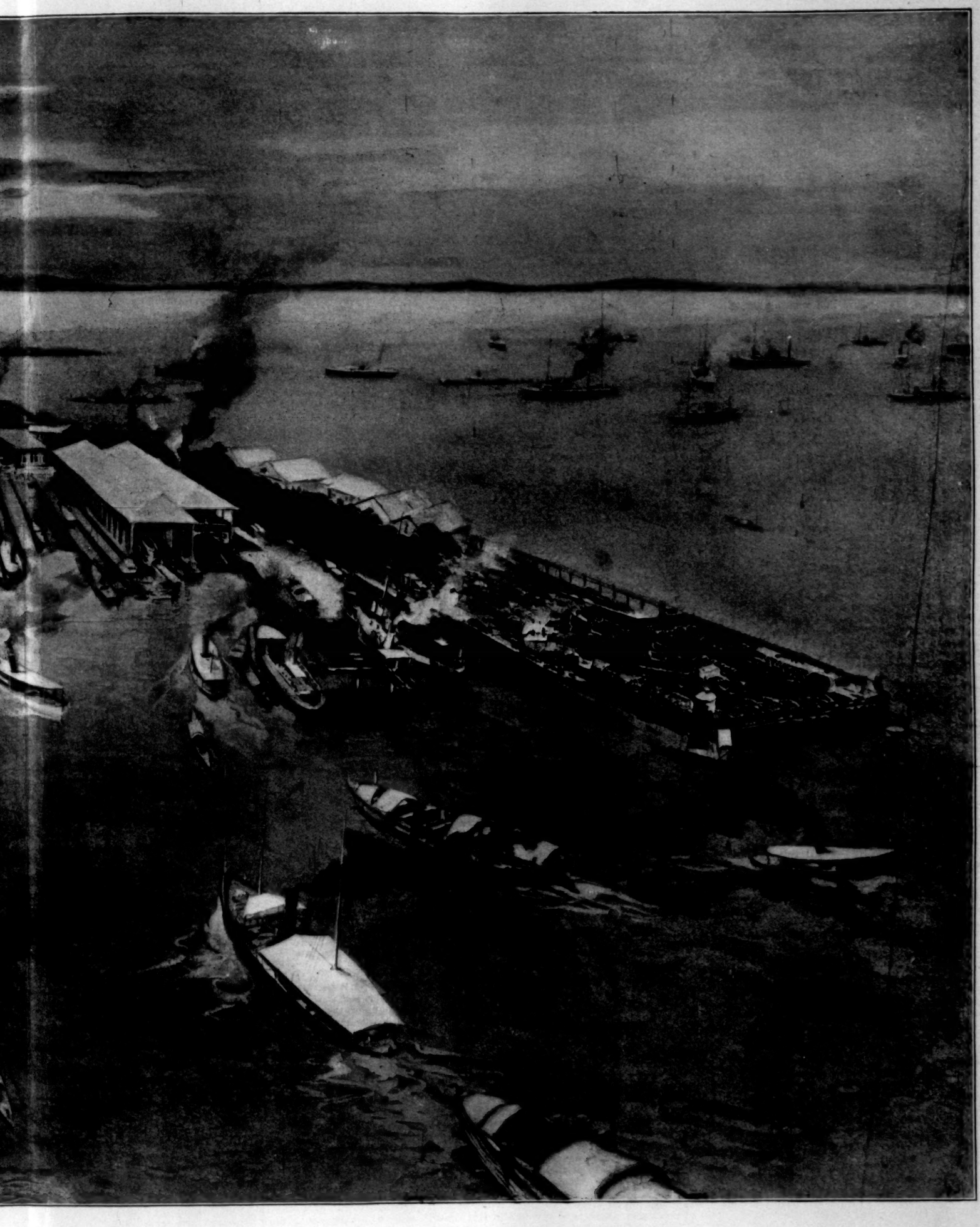
"Cahani!" exclaimed the Great Sun, seating himself upon a bench in front of the royal litter, and motioning to de Sancerre to take the place at his right hand. "Cahani! Sit down!"

At the monarch's left stood Noco, duenna and interpreter, a useful creature at that moment, but unfitted by birth to eat meat with her sovereign. The Brother of the Sun smiled upon Katonah, and graciously offered her the second place of honor by his side. What the maiden's rank among the Mohicans might be made no difference at this juncture. She had been honored by the Great Sun's gracious recognition, and from that instant was looked up to as a princess by the ceremonious sun-worshippers, who held that their monarch's nod might serve as a patent of nobility to a stranger from an alien land. Among themselves the road from the lowest social status to the highest was a hard one. To enter the circle of the nobility a low-caste man and wife among the Children of the Sun must strangle one of their own offspring, to prove by this heroic sacrifice their superiority to the humble rank to which birth had consigned them.

On the royal bench beyond Katonah sat the restless and dissatisfied de Tonti, silently protesting against the turn which events had taken, but just now impotent to change their course. The Italian veteran had walked far since breaking his fast, and had undergone the exhausting conflict of many antagonistic emotions. Hunger and thirst combined for the moment to postpone the withdrawal of

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF CAVITE, SHOWING THE ARSENAL, FORTI

DRAWN BY G. W. PETERS, SPECIAL A



TIFICATIONS, AND SUNKEN SPANISH VESSELS OFF THE MOLE.

AL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

his followers from the too hospitable grasp of the sun-worshippers, but the observant captain realized the immediate necessity of a consultation with de la Salle before proceeding further with negotiations which the impulsiveness of de Sancerre might twist into an awkward shape. De Tonti had started out that morning to visit, he had imagined, an insignificant tribe of friendly Indians, and, behold! he had come upon a powerful nation, equipped with an army of gigantic warriors, and endowed with a civilization whose outward manifestations were extremely impressive. Distrustful of de Sancerre, and knowing well the extremes to which Zenobe Membré's zeal as a proselyter might carry him, the Italian soldier scented danger in their present environment. He determined, therefore, to withdraw his followers from the feast at an early moment, to reject the Great Sun's proffer of hospitality for the night—which, he felt sure, would be extended to them—and to return to de la Salle's camp by the river as quickly as circumstances permitted.

On the small plateau below the hillock upon which the Great Sun and his guests sat in state a hundred dusky noblemen had ranged themselves along the benches, awaiting in solemn silence the signal from their monarch which should reawaken the activity of the serving-women and inaugurate a banquet bidding fair to last until sundown. The Great Sun had raised his sceptre of painted feathers to indicate to his master of ceremonies that the time had come for the serving of the first course, when the royal eye lighted upon Zenobe Membré and the Mohican, who still stood upon a hillock beyond the furthest line of benches, plunged in deep converse.

"Go to your friend who sings the praises of his god the Moon," exclaimed the King, turning to Noco, who stood behind him awaiting his pleasure, and pointing his tawdry sceptre toward the Franciscan, "and say to him that the Brother of the Sun invites him to meat and drink. Have my people make a place for him, and for his captive who leans upon his voice. Go quickly, and return to me at once."

Without further delay, the monarch gave the impatiently awaited signal for the serving of the feast, and the hunger of his guests was suddenly confronted by a throng of antagonists, any one of which was fashioned to appease, in short order, the appetite of a European. The coarser meats—the buffalo steaks and the clumsily cooked venison—were relieved by fish prepared for the table with some skill, and by old corn made palatable in a variety of ways. To Henri de Tonti's great satisfaction, he found that the *cuisine* of the sun-worshippers was the most admirable which he had encountered in his long years of pilgrimages from one native tribe to another.

It was with a great deal of reluctance that the Franciscan friar, followed by Chatémuc, had accepted the invitation extended to him from the Great Sun through Noco's overworked tongue. She had delivered her message to the friar in her mongrel Spanish, and the Franciscan's knowledge of Latin had enabled him to grasp the general tenor of her words. He had been endeavoring to throw upon the embers of the Mohican's religious enthusiasm sufficient fuel to beget a flame that should result in immediate action of a heroic nature. But while the Franciscan dwelt upon the glories of martyrdom and the splendor of the rewards awaiting a servant of the Church who gave his life for the faith, fatigue and hunger, having possessed themselves of Chatémuc's earthly tabernacle, formed a powerful alliance against that self-abnegation which the priest labored earnestly to arouse in the Mohican's soul.

"To eat meat with these children of Satan, who worship the very fires of hell, is, I fear, to commit a grave sin," remarked the friar, gazing upward at Chatémuc dubiously, as they followed Noco toward the lower benches. Being a hungry barbarian, not a devout and learned controversialist, the Mohican could vouchsafe in answer to this nothing more satisfactory than a grunt—a guttural comment upon the delicate point raised by the agitated friar which might mean much or nothing.

Seated at the very outskirts of the picturesque throng, Zenobe Membré bent his tonsured head and told his beads for a time, watching Chatémuc furtively, as the Mohican indulged freely in roasted meats, half-cooked fish, and various preparations made from last year's corn.

"How proudly yonder temple rises toward the sky, my Chatémuc!" muttered the friar, glancing toward the City of the Sun. "Great will be the glory of the hand chosen by the saints to pull it to the ground."

Chatémuc chewed a morsel of tough venison and said nothing, but his eyes rested with a hostile gleam upon the Great Sun, a hundred yards beyond him, beside whom sat Katonah, seemingly removed from her brother by the breadth of a mighty nation. Suddenly by the Mohican's side appeared a serving-woman, who placed upon the bench at his right hand a gourd containing a fermented liquor made of the leaves of the cassia-tree. The increasing loquacity of the banqueters beyond the friar and his companion proved that the beverage which had now reached them possessed exhilarating properties. If the Franciscan had needed further evidence of the enlivening influence of the seductive liquor, which had come late to the feast as an ally to good-fellowship, the change in Chatémuc's face would have offered it. After emptying his gourd twice—for the Mohican liked the cinnamon flavor of the drink—Chatémuc, flashing a glance of hatred at the Great Sun, looked down at the attentive friar at his side.

"The fire of hell shall burn no more beyond," he said, jerking his hand toward the distant city, behind which the weary sun had begun to creep. "The oath I swore to you shall be no idle boast."

Having observed that the Mohican liked the wine she offered him, the woman delegated to serve the friar and the Mohican refilled the latter's gourd for the third time. Chatémuc swallowed the fiery liquor eagerly, and turned to speak a final word to the priest.

At that instant Zenobe Membré's eyes were fixed upon the royal group beyond him. The Great Sun had arisen, and stood waving his feathered sceptre energetically, while he gazed down at Noco, to whom he seemed to be talking with some excitement. Gazing up at the King, with a satirical smile upon his delicate face, sat de Sancerre, while de Tonti had sprung to his feet with an expression of anger upon his countenance.

When the friar turned to address Chatémuc, he discovered that the Mohican had left his side and had been lost to sight in the long shadows of the stealthy twilight.

CHAPTER XIII.

IN WHICH DE SANCERRE RUNS A STUBBORN RACE.

IT is but fair to the memory of a noble, if somewhat too impetuous, proselyter to say that if Zenobe Membré—whose achievements and sufferings entitle him to all praise—had realized that martyrdom, the rewards for which he had painted in such glowing colors, really menaced the aroused Mohican, he would have weighed his words with greater care. But the gray friar had long been in the habit of using heroic language to stir the soul of Chatémuc to religious enthusiasm, and he had not as yet found cause to regret the use which he had made for years of his pliable convert. Furthermore, the Franciscan placed absolute confidence in the Mohican's ability to take good care of his red skin. He had seen the craft of Chatémuc overcome appalling odds too many times to indulge long the fear that the Mohican's sudden disappearance at this juncture presaged disaster. Nevertheless, he regretted that his convert had set out upon a mission of some peril with such unwonted precipitancy. The friar would have felt better satisfied with himself if he had been permitted to breathe a word of caution into Chatémuc's ear before the latter had gone forth upon his lonely crusade against the fires of hell.

"At the worst," muttered the Franciscan to himself, as he made his way toward the royal litter between lines of black-eyed, smiling sun-worshippers—"at the worst it would be one life for paradise and a nation for the Church! May the saints be with my Chatémuc! If he won a martyr's crown, his blood would quench a fire which Satan keeps alive. But Mother Mary aid him! I'd lose my right hand to save my Chatémuc from death! May Christ assoil me if so my words were rash!"

Thus communing with himself, the Franciscan approached the excited group surrounding royalty.

"*Ma foi!* good father, you come to us most opportunely!" cried de Sancerre, springing to his feet, a smile upon his lips, but a gleam of repressed anger in his eyes. "Monsieur de Tonti is bent upon repaying his Majesty's hospitality with marked ingratitude. He orders us—courageous captain that he is—to return at once to Sieur de la Salle. As for me, I have promised the Brother of the Sun to pass the night in yonder city—to the greater glory of our sire the moon!"

Henri de Tonti, a black frown upon his brow, had overheard the Frenchman's sarcastic words. Seizing the friar by the arm, he flashed a glance of rage and menace at the exasperating de Sancerre, and drew the Franciscan aside, to lay before him weighty arguments in favor of an immediate retreat to the river.

Meanwhile the younger men among the sun-worshipping nobility, moved by the same cinnamon-flavored inspiration which had driven Chatémuc toward a Satan-lighted fire, had abandoned the scene of the recent feast to indulge in athletic rivalries on the greensward which undulated gently between the outskirts of the forest and the City of the Sun.

"Will you say to his Majesty, señora," cried de Sancerre, gayly, drawing near to the Great Sun and addressing Noco, "that he has reason to be proud of the prowess of his young men? I have never watched a more exciting wrestling-bout than yonder struggle between those writhing giants. It is inspiring! It is classic! Could Girardon carve a fountain from that Grecian contest over there, 'twould add another marvel to Versailles."

The Brother of the Sun smiled down upon de Sancerre with warm cordiality as the aged interpreter, having caught the general drift of the Frenchman's words, turned his praise into her native tongue. The monarch's momentary annoyance at Henri de Tonti's lack of tact had passed away, and standing erect, a right royal figure on his flower-bedecked dais, he watched with unconcealed pride the skilful feats with bow and arrow performed by the sun-worshipping aristocrats, and the prodigies of strength which the wrestlers and stone-hurlers accomplished.

"Tell me, Doña Noco," exclaimed de Sancerre presently, at the conclusion of a closely contested foot-race, which even the distraught and restless Katonah, searching vainly with her eyes for Chatémuc, had watched for a moment with bated breath—"tell me the name of yonder greyhound, carved in bronze, who smiles so disdainfully upon the victor. I have never before seen a youth whose legs and shoulders seemed to be so well fashioned by nature to outstrip the wind itself. Why does he not compete?"

The shrivelled crone grinned with delight.

"That is my grandson Cabanacte," she answered, proudly. "He's now a nobleman; for, at the risk of life, he bore the spirit of the sun to us. The whirlwind cannot catch him. The falling-star seems slow behind his feet. He stands, in pride, alone, for none dare challenge him."

A flush crept into the pale face of the Frenchman as his sparkling eyes garnered with delight all the inspiring features of the scene before him—features which formed at that moment a picture reminding him of the glory of ancient Athens, the splendors of a pagan cult which found in strength and beauty idols worthy of adoring tribute. The passing day breathed a golden blessing upon the City of the Sun, which gleamed in the distance like a dream of Greece in the old heroic days. De Sancerre, well-read and impressionable, mused for a moment upon the strange likeness of the scene before him to a painting that he had gazed upon in a land far over sea, representing Attic athletes engaged in classic games beneath a stately temple, behind which the sun had hid its weary face. Awakening from his day-dreams, he turned toward Noco and addressed her in a voice which made his Spanish most impressive.

"Go to Cabanacte, señora, and say to him that Count Louis de Sancerre of Languedoc—the fairest province in the silver moon—dares him to a test of speed, the course to run from here to yonder lonely tree, near to the city's gate, and back again."

A grin of mingled admiration and amazement lighted the old hag's face as she turned toward the King and repeated to him his guest's daring defiance of a runner whose superiority no sun-worshipper had cared to test for many waning moons. A courteous smile played across the firm, well-cut mouth of the Great Sun as he listened to Noco's words, but the scornful gleam in his black eyes, as they rested upon the Frenchman's slender, under-sized figure, was not lost upon the observant challenger. De Sancerre realized fully that he had placed in jeopardy his influence with the Brother of the Sun by risking a trial of speed with a youth whose fleetness he had had, as yet, no means of gauging. If he should be outstripped by Cabanacte the good-will of the Great Sun would be changed to contempt, and the relationship of host to guests, already disturbed by de Tonti's lack of tact, might be transformed into that of a victor to his captives. What then would become of de Sancerre's efforts to solve the mystery to which old Noco held the key?

But de Sancerre, always self-confident, placed absolute faith in the elasticity of his light, nervous frame, whose muscles had been hardened by his campaigns over sea and by his wanderings with de la Salle. No fleeter foot than his had been found in the sport-loving army of Turenne, and he had been as much admired in camps for his agility as at courts for his grace. If, perchance, he should outrun the stalwart Cabanacte, de Sancerre felt sure that his easily won popularity with these impressionable sun-worshippers would be placed upon a much more stable foundation than its present underpinning of smiles and courtly bows.

"My grandson Cabanacte sends greeting to the envoy of the moon," panted Noco, returning speedily to de Sancerre's side, "and will gladly chase the wind with him in friendly rivalry. He bids me say that night falls quickly when the sun has set, and that he craves your presence at this moment on the course."

Making a courteous obeisance to the Brother of the Sun, de Sancerre was about to hasten to the side of his gigantic adversary, who, stripped almost to nakedness, stood awaiting his challenger, when he felt a detaining hand upon his arm, and turning petulantly, looked into Katonah's agitated face.

"Chatémuc! My brother! I cannot see him anywhere!"

"Fear not, *ma petite*," exclaimed de Sancerre, cheerily. "Wait here until I've made this sun-baked Mercury imagine he's a snail, and we'll find your kinsman of the joyous face. 'Twould break my heart to lose the gay and smiling Chatémuc! Adieu! I go to victory, or, perhaps, to death! Pray to Saint Maturin for me, Katonah! He watches over fools!"

A great shout arose from the sun-worshippers as de Sancerre and Cabanacte, saluting each other with ceremonious respect, stood side by side awaiting the signal for their flight toward the distant tree which marked the turning-point in the course which they were about to run. The Frenchman, attired in tattered velvets, and wearing shoes never designed for the use of an athlete, seemed to be at that moment handicapped by both nature and art for the race awaiting him. Almost a pygmy beside the bronze giant, whose limbs would have driven sleep from a sculptor's couch, de Sancerre had apparently chosen well in asking Katonah for an invocation to the saint who protects fools from the outcome of their folly. The black-eyed sun-worshippers glanced at one another in smiling derision. Surely these Children of the Moon must eat at night of some plant or fruit which stirred their blood to madness when they wandered far afield! No dwarf would dare to measure strides with a colossus, unless, indeed, he'd lost his wits through midnight revelry in moon-lit glades! This white-faced, queerly dressed, and most presumptuous rival of the mighty Cabanacte might smile and bow and gain the ear of kings, but look upon him now, with head bent forward, waiting for the word! Fragile, slight, thin in the shanks, and with a chest a boy might scorn, he dares to measure strides with a sturdy demigod, who towers above him, a giant shadow in the gloaming there.

A howl from the overwrought throng shook the leaves upon the trees. The runners had sprung from the line at a cry, and, elbow to elbow, were speeding toward the distant tree. Falling back to Cabanacte's flank, de Sancerre, seeming to grow taller as he ran, and using his feet with a nimbleness and grace which emphasized the clumsiness of his fleet rival's tread, hung with ease upon the giant's pace, moving with a rhythmical smoothness which indicated reserved power. Through the twilight toward the city rushed the courtier and the savage, made equals at that moment by the levelling spirit of a manly sport, while the onlookers stood, eager-eyed and silent, watching with amazement the pertinacity of the lithe Frenchman who so stubbornly kept the pace behind their yet unconquered champion.

As the racers turned the tree marking the half of their swift career, the dusky patriots saw, with growing consternation, that the child of moonbeams still sped gayly along behind the stalwart, wavering figure of a son of suns. The pace set by Cabanacte had been heart-rending from the start, for he had cherished the conviction that he would be able to shake off his puny rival long before the turn for home was made. But ever as he strove to increase his lead the bronze-tinted athlete heard, just behind his shoulder, the dainty footfalls of a light-waisted, wiry, bold-hearted antagonist, who panted not in weariness behind the champion after the manner of his rivals of other days. Out of the glowing west came the racers side by side, every step a contest as they struggled toward the goal.

"Cabanacte! Cabanacte!" cried the sun-worshippers, mad with the fear that the dwarf might outrun the giant at the last. For the Frenchman had crept up from behind, and was now speeding homeward on even terms with his delirious, reeling, wind-blown, but still unconquered rival. For a hundred yards the racers fought their fight by inches, each marvelling in his aching mind at the stern persistence of his antagonist. Then, when the strain grew greater than human muscles could endure, the bursting heart of de Sancerre seemed to ease its awful pressure upon his chest, his faltering steps regained their light and graceful motion, and passing Cabanacte, as the latter glanced up with eyes bloodshot with longing, the Frenchman, with a gay smile upon his pallid face, rushed past the line, a winner of the race by two full yards.

The hot, generous blood of the sun-worshippers bounded in their veins as they seized the tottering victor, and, with shouts of wonder and acclaim, raised him to their shoulders, and bore him, a wonder-worker in their eyes, to the smiling presence of their astonished King. But before de Sancerre could receive the congratulations of the Brother of the Sun, the voice of Katonah had reached him over the heads of the excited patricians.

"Monsieur," cried the Mohican maiden, in French, her voice vibrating with excitement, "Père Membré and Monsieur de Tonti have set out for the camp, and Chatémuc has not returned!"

Calixto Laral, President. Paulo Ellanigat, Vice-President.

Brig.-Gen. Grant, U. S. V. Hon. D. C. Worcester, Philippines Commissioner. Maj.-Gen. Lawton, U. S. V. Interpreter.

MUNICIPAL HOME-RULE FOR THE FILIPINOS.

Organizing the Local Government at Las Piñas. The Interpreter explaining American Institutions to the newly elected Presidente.— Drawn from Life by William Bengough.

"*Peste, ma petite!*" exclaimed de Sancerre, blowing her a kiss over the turmoil of black heads beneath him. "Why trouble me with trifles such as these? See you not that a splinter from a moonbeam has put the sun to shame—to the greater glory of our Mother-Church. *Laude, Katonah! Laude et jubilate!*"

CHAPTER XIV.

IN WHICH THE RESULTS OF CHATÉMUC'S ENTHUSIASM ARE SEEN.

"COURAGE, *ma petite!* We'll find your Chatémuc; then learn the mysteries of yonder sun-kissed town. That the stubborn captain has deserted us is hardly strange. Always in fear of de la Salle's displeasure, Monsieur de Tonti has grown erratic, unreliable, jealous. As for the friar, his retreat surprises me. He lacks not courage nor persistence. He would not leave our Brother of the Sun without, at the least, one more attempt to show him the path which leads to Mother-Church."

Released from the enthusiastic arms of the noblemen who had carried him in triumph to their King, de Sancerre was now following the royal litter toward the City of the Sun, walking the well-beaten path with the mincing step of a courtier whose feet, though swifter than the winds, pay homage gayly to Grace as a worthier deity than Speed. On either side of the victorious runner, whose eyes still glowed with the joy of triumph, walked Noco and Katonah. The latter, downcast and apprehensive, gazed gloomily toward the city, whose roofs could now be plainly seen, while she listened apathetically to the Frenchman's encouraging words. Changing the tongue he used from French to Spanish, de Sancerre, turning toward Noco, who looked, in the twilight, like a hideous heathen idol carved in mahogany, said,

"I trust, señora, that your courageous grandson, my very worthy opponent, will bear me no ill-will because my slender body was less a burden than his giant frame."

Noco, to whom de Sancerre's overthrow of the erstwhile invincible Cabanacte had appeared like a miracle wrought by some mysterious moon-magic, gazed reverentially at the Frenchman with beady black eyes, which seemed to be fully half a century younger than the other features of her wrinkled face. Her countenance was a palimpsest, with youth staring out from beneath the writings made by time.

"My grandson Cabanacte, O Son of the Full Moon, will ever do your bidding with a loyal heart. According to the customs of our land, your triumph in the race entitles you to service at his hands until his feet wax swift enough to fly away from yours."

"Caramba!" exclaimed de Sancerre, whose expletives bore testimony to the cosmopolitan tendencies of his adventurous career; "your words, señora, rejoice my heart! I stand in sore need of a servitor to save me from the nakedness which one more heated foot-race would beget. If Cabanacte can repair the rents which make my costume such a marvel to the eye, I'll free him from his *villein socage* and make him proud again."

Enough of this the old hag understood—enlightened to a great extent by the Frenchman's eloquent gestures—to emphasize the grin upon her ugly but intelligent face.

"Cabanacte is a warrior, not a maker of flowing robes!" she exclaimed, with a raucous chuckle. "But to-night old Noco will repair the holes in the Son of the Full Moon's garb. Look at this." Fumbling at her waist, she presently held out to de Sancerre's gaze a needle made of fish bone. Lowering her voice, she said: "Coyocop, the Spirit of the Sun, has not disdained to let my needle prick her sacred dress. She weeps, and cares for nothing but to lie upon her couch and whisper secrets to the Mother of the Sun. 'Tis sad, but so she must fulfil her mission to our race. Our nation's wise men and the priests who tend the temple fire had told us she would come. My grandson, Cabanacte, bore her from the sea."

De Sancerre listened attentively to the old crone's words. He recalled Noco's assertion that Coyocop had scrawled his inamorata's name upon the mulberry bark, though, at the time, he had not grasped the full significance of her mumbled mongrel Spanish words, rendered less clear to him by the use of the meaningless name Coyocop. But now, as they hurried on behind the porters who carried the King's litter, followed by a hundred chattering noblemen, a veil seemed to be lifted from de Sancerre's mind. His heart beat with suffocating rapidity, and his voice trembled as he looked down at Noco, trying to catch her eyes in the darkening twilight, and exclaimed:

"'Twas Coyocop who scratched that name upon the bark? But why, good Doña Noco? Tell me why."

The old woman glanced over her shoulder, to assure herself that they could not be overheard. Then she whispered:

"I told her the white-faced Children of the Moon had come to us upon the bosom of the flood, according to an ancient prophecy. The temple priests would strangle me with cords if they should learn how my old tongue has wagged. They watch me closely, for they worship her. But once she found a moment, when no priest was near, to scratch the mystic symbols on the bark. I crept away at night, and, lo! your god, the moon, was guide to my old feet—and so I came to you from Coyocop."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Home-Rule in Luzon

MANILA, *August 1, 1899.*

GENERAL LAWTON has been dividing his time for the last few months between fighting and chasing Filipino insurgents, and in the intervals of war gently teaching Filipino non-combatants that the United States really means to give them their freedom.

This effort to convince the frightened natives that the Americans have not come to devour them meets at first with suspicion and hesitation. They cannot quite understand that peculiar combination—Americano. They are surprised to find that the terrible, bearded, reeking fighters, who drive everything before them, eating Mauser fire apparently, when finished with their day's work of carnage stop to play with the native babies, and actually pay good money for the fruit and eggs they need—money worth often ten times the amount the startled native has ever received for such commodities before. Thus, when General Lawton calls together the leading citizens of a town, after he has fought through it probably with terrifying results, the leading citizens assemble, because they have no choice, and with troubled minds they listen, not to vengeance, which they are prepared for, but to the American doctrines of fraternity, equality, and liberty.

When, after a great amount of energetic eloquence from the interpreter (who a short while ago was an insurgent himself), they begin to grasp at the idea, they are shown how to elect their president and his advisers, and these proud personages are then thoroughly schooled in the proclamation issued by the Peace Commission presided over by Mr. Schurman. They are told to get to work and to put their town in order, to levy and collect their own taxes, and to spend the money for their own public works. Schools are opened, and, most important of all, classes are begun in English, and so with no formality the new life of the Filipinos begins.

The illustration shows the beginning of home-rule in Las Piñas. This is a little town only about six miles from Manila, on the south shore of the bay, from which the rebels have only recently been driven out.

General Grant's brigade is stationed along through the towns adjoining Las Piñas, and he was an interested attendant on the day when General Lawton arrived with Mr. Dean C. Worcester, who represents the commission at these gatherings. The local Filipino priest acted as host, as the meeting was held in the old church building.

The president and his advisers were elderly Filipinos, hard-handed fishermen and mechanics, their earnest furrowed faces intent on the business in hand; and although in their simple native dress, shirt hanging in Chinese fashion, and with bare feet, they felt the dignity of their new position, and proudly sat to be sketched, and then proved their schooling by signing the likenesses in queer crabbed Spanish letters.

Already the effect of the generous treatment is being seen. Instead of finding a deserted town after the insurgents are driven out, the non-combatants now stay and trust the Americans.

WILLIAM BENGOUGH.

The Return of Dewey

HIS country offers him the laurel bough,
Returning round the planet's purple rim;
But though she seeks to do him honor now,
Beside his fame such little gifts grow dim;
He placed a greener wreath upon her brow
Than any wreath which she can give to him.

WALTER MALONE.

SOME NOTES ON THE FOOD VALUE OF COCOA AND CHOCOLATE

M. BRILLAT-SAVARIN, in his entertaining and valuable work, *Physiologie du Goût*, says: "Chocolate came over the mountains [from Spain to France] with Anne of Austria, daughter of Philip III., and queen of Louis XIII. The Spanish monks also spread the knowledge of it by the presents they made to their brothers in France. It is well known that Linnæus called the fruit of the cocoa-tree *theobroma*, 'food for the gods.'

The cause of this emphatic qualification has been sought, and attributed by some to the fact that he was extravagantly fond of chocolate; by others to his desire to please his confessor; and by others to his gallantry, a queen having first introduced it into France.

"The Spanish ladies of the New World, it is said, carried their love for chocolate to such a degree that, not content with partaking of it several times a day, they had it sometimes carried after them to church. This favoring of the senses often drew upon them the censures of the bishop; but the Reverend Father Escobar, whose metaphysics were as subtle as his morality was accommodating, declared, formally, that a fast was not broken by chocolate prepared with water; thus wire-drawing, in favor of his penitents, the ancient adage, '*Liquidum non frangit jejunium.*'"

"Time and experience," he says, further, "have shown that chocolate, carefully prepared, is an article of food as wholesome as it is agreeable; that it is nourishing, easy of digestion, and does not possess those qualities injurious to beauty with which coffee has been reproached; that it is excellently adapted to persons who are obliged to a great concentration of intellect in the toils of the pulpit or the bar, and especially to travellers; that it suits the most feeble stomach; that excellent effects have been produced by it in chronic complaints, and that it is a last resource in affections of the pylorus.

"Some persons complain of being unable to digest chocolate; others, on the contrary, pretend that it has not sufficient nourishment, and that the effect disappears too soon. It is probable that the former have only themselves to blame, and that the chocolate which they use is of bad quality or badly made; for good and well-made chocolate must suit every stomach which retains the slightest digestive power.

"In regard to the others, the remedy is an easy one: they should reinforce their breakfast with a *pâté*, a cutlet, or a kidney; moisten the whole with a good draught of soconusco chocolate, and thank God for a stomach of such superior activity.

"This gives me an opportunity to make an observation whose accuracy may be depended upon.

"After a good, complete, and copious breakfast, if we take in addition a cup of well-made chocolate, digestion will be perfectly accomplished in three hours, and we may dine whenever we like. Out of zeal for science, and by dint of eloquence, I have induced many ladies to try this experiment. They all declared, in the beginning, that it would kill them; but they have all thriven on it, and have not failed to glorify their teacher.

"The people who make constant use of chocolate are the ones who enjoy the most steady health, and are the least subject to a multitude of little ailments which destroy the comfort of life; their plumpness is also more equal. These are two advantages which every one may verify among his own friends, and wherever the practice is in use."

In corroboration of M. Brillat-Savarin's statement as to the value of chocolate as an aid to digestion, we may quote from one of Mme. de Sévigné's letters to her daughter:

"I took chocolate night before last to digest my dinner, in order to have a good supper. I took some yesterday for nourishment, so as to be able to fast until night. What I consider amusing about chocolate is that it acts according to the wishes of the one who takes it."

Chocolate appears to have been highly valued as a remedial agent by the leading physicians of that day. Christoph Ludwig Hoffmann wrote a treatise entitled "Potus Chocolate," in which he recommended it in many diseases, and instanced the case of Cardinal Richelieu, who, he stated, was cured of general atrophy by its use.

A French officer who served in the West Indies for a period of fifteen years, during the early part of the last century, wrote, as the result of his personal observations, a treatise on "The Natural History of Chocolate, Being a Distinct and Particular Account of the Cacao Tree, its Growth and Culture, and the Preparation, Excellent Properties, and Medicinal Virtues of its Fruit," which received the approbation of the Regent of the Faculty of Medicine at Paris, and which was translated and published in London, in 1730. After describing the different methods of raising and curing the fruit and preparing it for food (which it is not worth while to reproduce here, as the methods have essentially changed since that time), he goes on to demonstrate, as the result of actual experiment, that chocolate is a substance "very temperate, very nourishing, and of easy digestion; very proper to repair the exhausted spirits and decayed strength; and very suitable to preserve the health and prolong the lives of old men. . . .

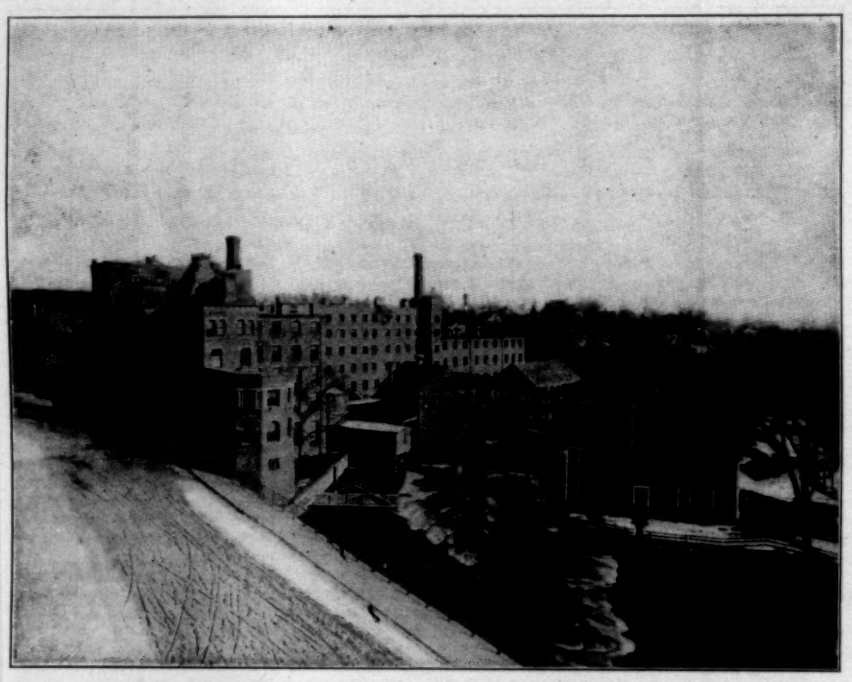
"I could produce several instances," he says, "in favor of this excellent nourishment; but I shall content myself with two only, equally certain and decisive, in proof of its goodness. The first is an experiment of chocolate's being taken for the only nourishment—made by a surgeon's wife of Martinico. She had lost, by a very deplorable accident, her lower jaw, which reduced her to such a condition that she did not know how to subsist. She was not capable of taking anything solid, and not rich enough to live upon jellies and nourishing broths. In this strait she determined to take three dishes of chocolate, prepared after the manner of the country, one in the morning, one at noon, and one at night. There chocolate is nothing else but cocoa kernels dissolved in hot water, with sugar, and seasoned with a bit of cinnamon. This new way of life succeeded so well that she has lived a long while since, more lively and robust than before this accident.

"I had the second relation from a gentleman of Martinico, and one of my friends not capable of a falsity. He assured me that in his neighborhood an infant of four months old unfortunately lost his nurse, and its parents, not being able to put it to another, resolved, through necessity, to feed it with chocolate. The success was very happy, for the infant came on to a miracle, and was neither less healthy nor less vigorous than those who are brought up by the best nurses.

"Before chocolate was known in Europe good old wine was called the milk of old men; but this title is now applied with greater reason to chocolate; since its use has become so common that it has been perceived that chocolate is, with respect to them, what milk is to infants. In reality, if one examines the nature of chocolate a little, with respect to the constitution of aged persons, it seems as though the one was made on purpose to remedy the defects of the other, and that it is truly the panacea of old age.

"There lately died at Martinico a counsellor, about a hundred years old, who for thirty years past lived on nothing but chocolate and biscuit. He sometimes, indeed, had a little soup at dinner, but never any fish, flesh, or other victuals. He was, nevertheless, so vigorous and nimble that at fourscore and five he could get on horseback without stirrups."

The three associated beverages, cacao, tea, and coffee, are known to the French as *aromatic* drinks. Each of these has its characteristic aroma.



A PARTIAL VIEW OF WALTER BAKER & CO.'S MILLS, DORCHESTER, MASS.

The fragrance and flavor are so marked that they cannot be imitated by any artificial products, although numerous attempts have been made in regard to all three. Hence, the detection of adulteration is not a difficult matter. Designing persons, aware of the extreme difficulty of imitating these substances, have undertaken to employ lower grades, and by manipulation copy, as far as may be, the higher sorts. Every one knows how readily tea and coffee, for that matter, will take up odors and flavors from substances placed near them. This is abundantly exemplified in the country grocery or general store, where the teas and coffees share in the pervasive fragrance of the cheese and kerosene. But perhaps it is not so widely understood that some of these very teas and coffees had been artificially flavored or corrected before they reached their destination in this country.

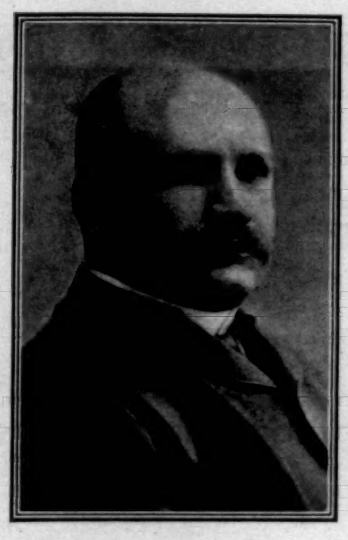
Cacao lends itself very readily to such preliminary treatment. In a first-class article, the beans should be of the highest excellence; they should be carefully grown on the plantation and there prepared with great skill, arriving in the factory in good condition. In the factory, they should simply receive the mechanical treatment requisite to develop their high and attractive natural flavor and fragrance. They should be most carefully shelled after roasting and finely ground without concealed additions. This is the process in all honest manufactories of the cacao products.

Now, as a matter of fact, in the preparation of many of the cacao products on the market a wholly different course has been pursued. Beans of poor quality are used, because of their cheapness, and in some instances they are only imperfectly, if at all, shelled before grinding. Chemical treatment is relied on to correct in part the odor and taste of such inferior goods, and artificial flavors, other than the time-honored natural vanilla and the like, are added freely. The detection of such imposition is easy enough to the expert, but is difficult to the novice: therefore the public is largely unable to discriminate between the good and the inferior, and it is perforce compelled to depend almost entirely on the character and reputation of the manufacturer.

Of the cocoa and chocolate preparations made by WALTER BAKER & CO., LTD., Dorchester, Mass., bearing the well-known trade-mark "La Belle Chocolatière," the *Dietetic and Hygienic Gazette* says very truly that "they are known the world over, and have received the highest endorsements from the medical practitioner, the nurse, and the intelligent housekeeper and caterer."

This famous house was established in October, 1780—one hundred and nineteen years ago—while the American colonies were still struggling for political and industrial independence. From the little wooden mill, "by the rude bridge that arched the flood," where the enterprise was first started, there has grown up one of the greatest industrial establishments in the world. The five great mills in which the manufacturing is carried on have a floor space of over seven acres. The work has been admirably systematized so as to produce the best results at a minimum cost. The business has been prosperous from the start, because the owners have always kept up with the improvements, and responded to the demands of the time; have always treated their employés in a liberal spirit; have always made the best goods and sold them at a fair price. They have just published a handsomely illustrated quarto of 72 pages, entitled "Cocoa and Chocolate: A Short History of their Production and Use." It contains a large amount of valuable and interesting matter relating to the cocoa-tree and its fruit; the early use of cocoa and chocolate and their food value as determined by distinguished chemists and physicians. In conclusion, a sketch is given of the Baker establishment, the oldest and largest of its kind on this continent. Some copies of rare old prints are introduced into the text, and the various stages of picking, curing, and preserving the fruit for domestic use are represented by engravings from photographs taken in the West Indies, Ceylon, and at the mills in Dorchester. On request in writing from the head of any library, club, or hospital, or from any teacher or housekeeper, a copy of the book, and also a copy of Miss Parloa's and Miss Burr's Choice Recipes will be sent free. Address (mentioning this paper) WALTER BAKER & CO., LTD., Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A.

GROUP OF DEMONSTRATORS, WALTER BAKER & CO., LTD.



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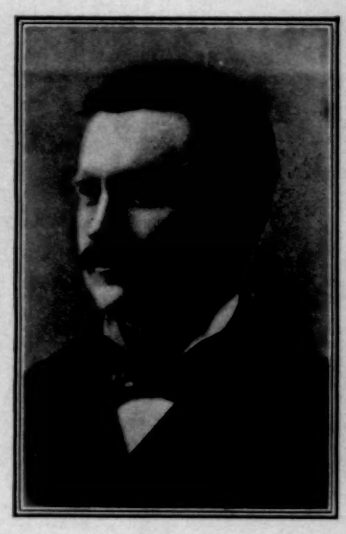

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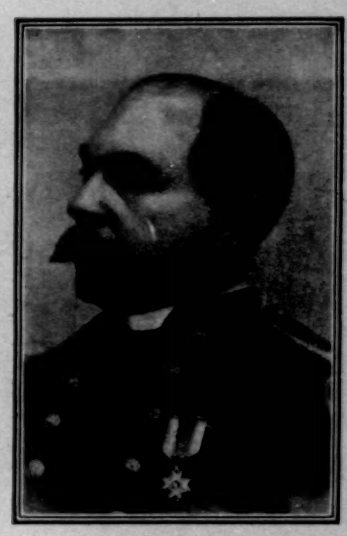

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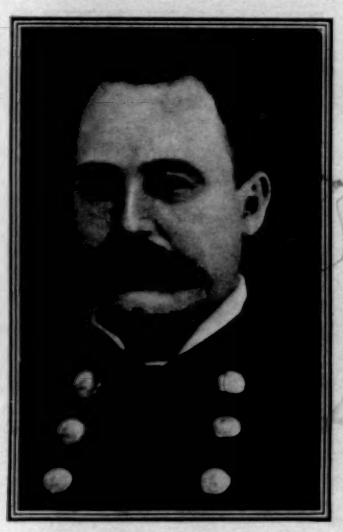

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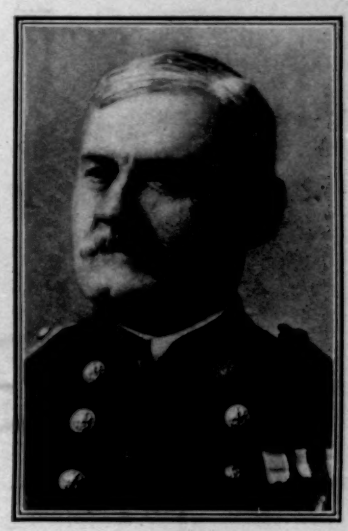

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THE VITALIZERS OF THE MODERN WAR-SHIP—CHIEF ENGINEERS OF THE VESSELS COMPOSING ADMIRAL DEWEY'S VICTORIOUS SQUADRON.

The Trust Conference

CHICAGO, *September 19, 1899.*

IT may fairly be stated that the practical "trust side," as exemplified daily by promoters and managers of trusts, was scarcely presented to the Trust Conference at all. But surely about all active sides had their hearing—that is, every side but the inside. The first effect of the conference was of a wide diversity. Some three hundred delegates were in attendance at each session, including the appointees of thirty States, of a long list of national labor unions, and of many important commercial bodies, besides a dozen college professors and a half-dozen Governors. As they solidly filled the parquet of Central Music Hall, under whose galleries, which were packed after the first session, and which lent their participation very freely, one felt that here at least was something quite adequately representative of the whole breadth of public opinion or public sentiment on this trust question.

In how far it was a matter of sentiment or feeling rather than of deliberate opinion was disclosed at the very outset when Dudley G. Wooten, of Texas, took the floor. Mr. Wooten is tall, slender, nervous, with an effective reach of arm and voice. He frankly eschewed all merely economic phases of the subject and spoke to the proposition that we must smash the trusts or lose our liberties. While one listened in vain for anything in particular about trusts, his speech nevertheless was the key-note of a certain sentiment, and strongly disclosed a certain attitude which constituted a very important—possibly a dominant—feature of the conference. He presented his deliverance as the Texas idea, but, broadly speaking, it represented the South and West, most of whose utterances were uncompromisingly for annihilation of everything trustlike on general principles. With them it was not a question of life or death, but solely of the manner in which the death should be administered. If I labelled this attitude exclusively of the South and West, I should have to account for some milder views from those regions, as well as apologize to Governor Pingree, who, later on, put Michigan behind Texas in nothing except oratory. But the geographic generalization may stand. The labor representatives also, as a whole, belonged in that uncompromising division. Most of these stalwart "antis" were for an amendment of the Federal Constitution to make monopolistic combinations impossible.

There was some suspicion of the "academic sophistries" against which Mr. Wooten had early warned them. When the poor academicians came to read their papers the "sophistries" appeared to consist in prosaically sticking to a discussion of the subject in hand. Certainly not a single college professor, from Jenks of Cornell, who led off, to Clark of Columbia, who wound up the scholastic procession, went home with the betrayal of any freeman to any octopus on his conscience. Perhaps Mr. Wooten scared them out.

Their papers throughout were thoughtful and scholarly, directed to the consideration of specific good and ill that the trusts might do, and attempting, on the whole, to try the case on a tangible ground of facts rather than by merely general prejudices. They pointed out that centralization might accelerate industry and cheapen production and distribution. What would be its effect on wages? What results on the political side might be expected? What were the actual evils of the common practice of over-capitalization?

Professor Adams of the University of Michigan denied that the combination of manufacturing concerns would materially cheapen production; but he offered this as his conclusion from general conditions only, and both Professor Jenks and Professor Clark frankly admitted that the effect of combinations on prices could not be established at this time from actual results. The trusts were too new to permit a conclusive deduction in that respect. This admission, it may be said, was about as near as the conference ever got to a consideration of the economic side of the question from the stand-point of proved facts.

Surprisingly little of a statistical sort was offered. There were a few detached facts which no doubt seemed conclusive enough from a particular point of view, as that recent combinations had thrown 35,000 travelling salesmen out of employment, but they had little relevance as applied to the whole problem. The absence of data no doubt put the academicians at a disadvantage, and the scientific leaven which they were expected to introduce made only a small impression upon the lump.

It was mostly on general principles that the defenders of the trust theory, for their part, relied. One of the first and of the most outspoken of these was ex-Governor Foster of Ohio, who openly praised the Standard Oil Company, and declared the trust a fixture and a good thing in that it cheapened production, enabled employers to pay better wages, eliminated ruinous competition, and gave the commercial fabric greater stability. But even Mr. Foster put an enormous fly in this ointment by proposing public examination of trust accounts and a government tax on profits in excess of six per cent. F. B. Thurber, of New York, confessed that investigation had converted him to a friendliness for trusts. When Benjamin R. Tucker, of the same State, began to explain the "Attitude of Anarchism toward Industrial Combinations," it looked embarrassingly like the attitude of Messrs. Foster and Thurber; but Mr. Tucker finally got safely away to a plan for destroying the money monopoly by monetizing every form of wealth—"that is, by giving to every form of wealth the right of representation by currency." Thomas J. Morgan, Chicago's prize socialist, could not bring himself to single out trusts for animadversion amid so many social iniquities. On the contrary, he evidently enjoyed the trust as one of the trying difficulties which a plutocratic community had got itself into. Of course many other views that might be classed as pro-trust were presented; but, as compared with the foes of the trust, its friends were certainly both few and timid, not to say lukewarm, and there was never any doubt as to where the sympathies of the audience lay.

Mr. Foulke of Indiana, however, showed the practical difficulties in the way of legislatively restricting combinations. He really gave to the stalwart "antis," with all their cocksure legal remedies, the effect of a sort of militant helplessness. This not unnaturally came in for severe criticism at the hands of Mr. Bryan.

The famous Nebraskan was of course the commanding personality on the one side, just as Bourke Cockran was the dominating figure in the popular eye on the other side, and the speeches of these two men were the climax of the conference.

Cockran spoke Friday night. In general terms he defended the trust—although he carefully avoided the word—as the fruit and flower of competition, the competitor who has succeeded and who maintains his place because he can fill it better than any other. But he proposed restrictions that run squarely counter to present trust practice. Perhaps altogether the speech was a bit too nicely adjusted to the audience. The perfect finish of the speaker's stage methods put one in mind—perhaps unjustly—of Charles Coghlan or Richard Mansfield in high comedy. But there were some telling strokes and a wit that won and kept the audience. To one who likes oratory it was distinctly the treat of the convention. Bryan drew an overflowing house on Saturday morning. He was for State and Federal laws which would make all monopolistic combinations impossible. He spoke in a businesslike sort of manner throughout. No doubt he purposely denied himself oratorical flights. Certainly, while he held the audience, he gave no exhibition of that great power which he can upon occasion exert over a popular assembly.

The conference wisely decided against trying to embody its opinion in a set of resolutions. It may be added, to give a completer effect of its deliberations, that upon one point all speakers agreed, namely, that a trust should not be maintained by governmental favors. There were disputes over the effect of the tariff, but all the speakers who touched upon that phase of the question from any stand-point agreed that discrimination in railroad rates was a form of governmental favor which tended to foster injurious monopoly, that it was an unmixed evil, and should be abolished. Yet, as everybody knows, uniformity in railroad rates has been the law of the land for a dozen years, and that law has never been enforced for a single day. But that fact did not discourage the "antis" from proposing any number of other laws to restrict trusts.

WILL PAYNE.

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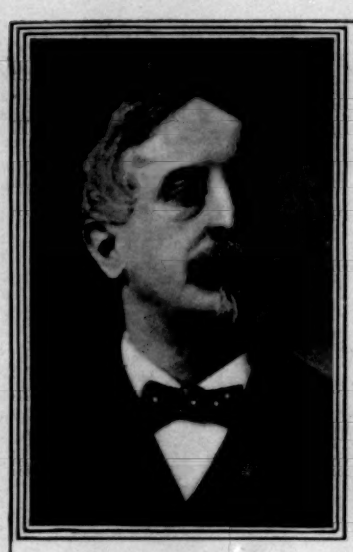

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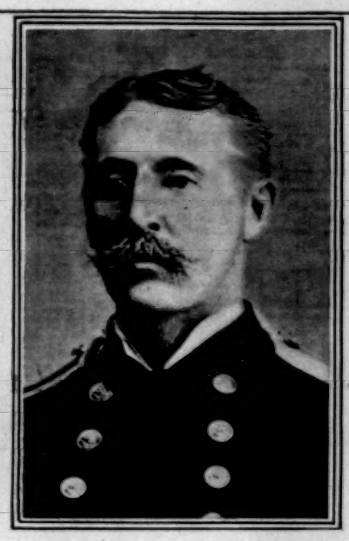

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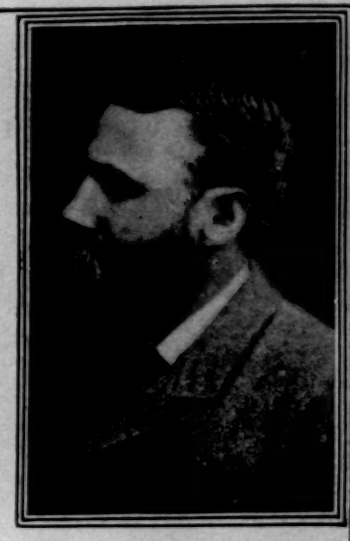

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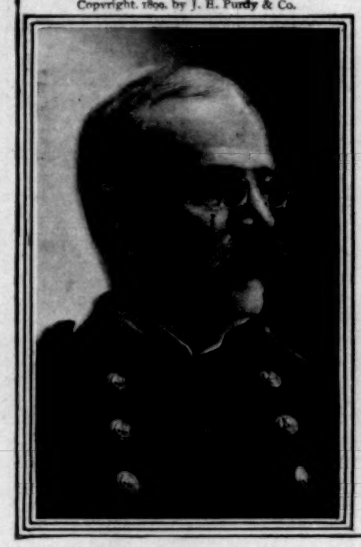

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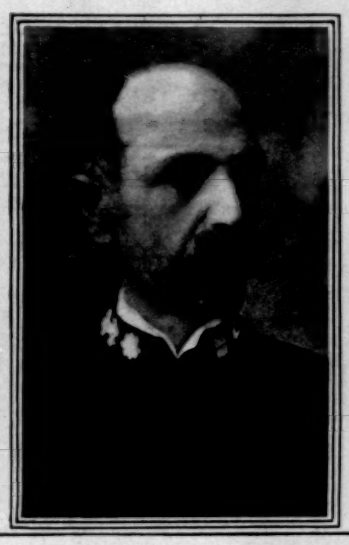

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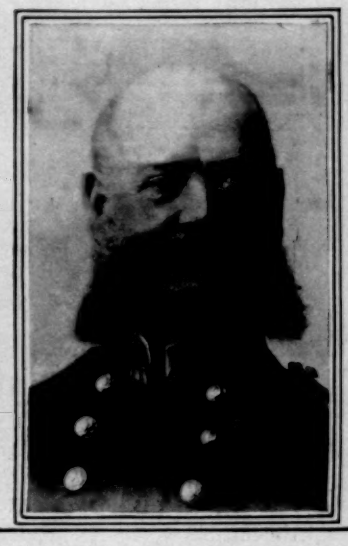

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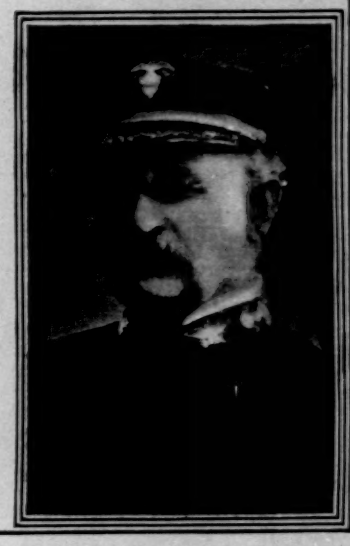

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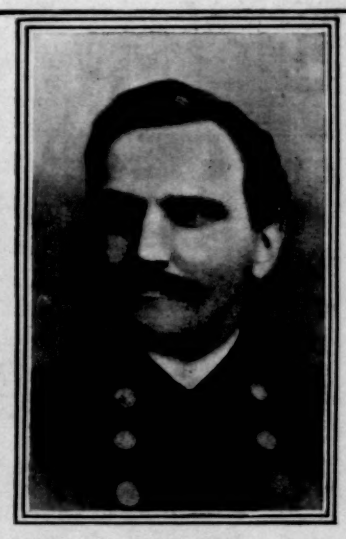

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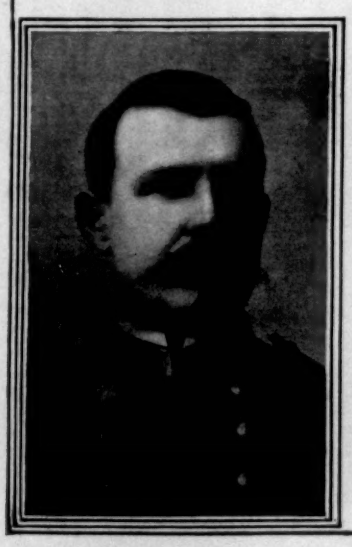

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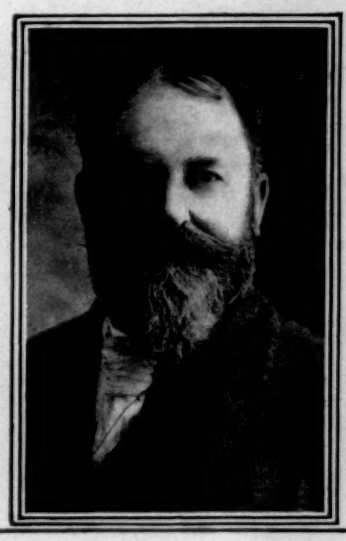

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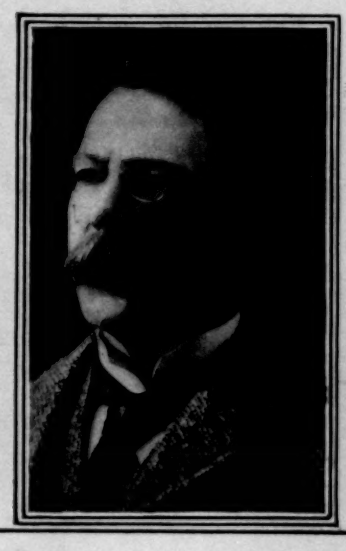

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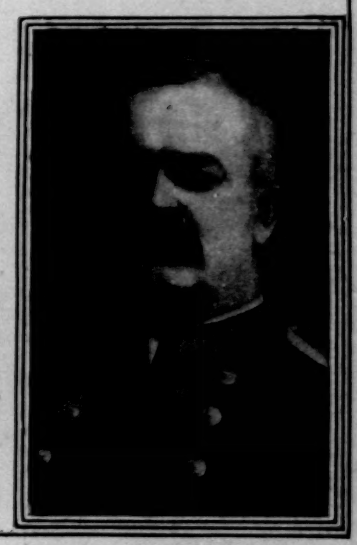

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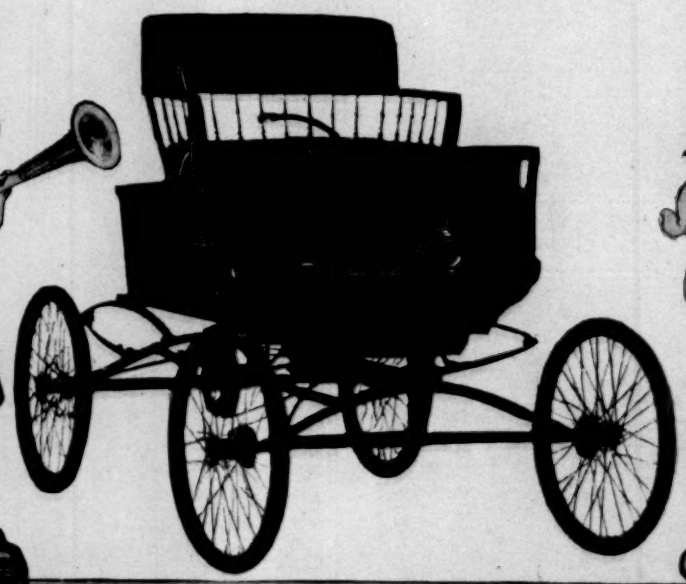

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THE extraordinary difference of critical judgment with regard to Mr. Langdon Mitchell's "Becky Sharp" and Mrs. Fiske's production of it is perhaps to be taken as a tribute to merit, for it is one of the effects of real quality to produce diverse impressions upon diverse temperaments; but in some degree at least it seems to be the result of a lack of rational method in criticism. One excellent critic, regarding it as a dramatization of *Vanity Fair*, calls it "a theatrical monstrosity," and curses it out from Dan to Beersheba; another critic calls it "a large and noble production," and finds it excellent in all essentials. Any one versed in such differences would suspect from the outset that both gentlemen are absolutely and inalienably in the right.

Mrs. Fiske in "Becky Sharp."

Of all the things that live and breathe, a great work of art like *Vanity Fair* has the most unalterable nature; its substance is part and parcel of the generation that nourished it, and its form is the projection of the mind that gave it birth. To make a play out of it the three volumes have to be compressed into the compass of three hours' traffic on the stage, and what was created to appeal to the mind's eye mainly has to be given the attributes of matter and motion. Properly speaking, moreover, *Vanity Fair* is quite without a story, much less a plot that lends itself to scenic reproduction. It is a panorama made up of bits of late Georgian life—servants and noble folk, tradespeople and soldiers, young girls and old, the pious and the worldly, the dishonest and the upright, with the good showman, Thackeray, always leading the way round it, and pointing out the wherefore of this and the outcome of that. It is, indeed, a pilgrimage through Vanity Fair; and the final sense one gets of it is a mingling of disjointed scenes viewed through the medium of the showman's wisdom, his unsparing satire, his unfailing charity. During a generation of dramatization *Vanity Fair* has come to be known as the undramatizable novel. To attempt to put it on the stage would be, in a very literal sense, to bring forth a monster.

The Undramatizable Novel.

This is just what Mr. Mitchell has not attempted. From the vast field of possible details he has chosen only the most significant, the little French adventuress; and to leave no shadow of doubt as to his intentions, he has given her name to the play. Everything in the book that does not tend to explain *Becky Sharp* he has ignored; and of the things that do, he has chosen the most significant and arranged them for scenic representation. The first act shows her as she lived among the *Crawleys*, and ends with her clandestine marriage with *Rawdon*. The second act, at the ball before Waterloo, gives us a glimpse of her in the larger world, and shows her meeting with *Lord Steyne*. In the third act she is living with *Rawdon* in London, on nothing a year; the act ends with *Rawdon's* discovery of her relations with *Lord Steyne*. The last act is *Becky* in Bohemia. Altogether we have a very full picture of *Becky*, and with the possible exception of the last act it is presented with vigorous dramatic effect. The manner in which Mr. Mitchell develops the action from passage to passage shows great dramaturgic skill, and as character after character is introduced, point after point is added to *Becky's* portrait with deep psychologic understanding.

The Novel and the Play.

The people who call Mr. Mitchell's play a monstrosity object also that the portrait of *Becky* is partial and incomplete. I suspect that they have been looking for the *Becky* of the book, with her moods long dwelt on, and their development followed page by page. This is clearly not possible. More than this, I suspect them of looking for their peculiar idea of the *Becky* of the book, forgetting that, as is the case with all great characters in fiction, there are as many minds about her as there are men and women. It is said that even Thackeray was never quite sure how far she had gone with *Lord Steyne*. Certainly Mr. Mitchell has fixed the essential traits—the restless ambition, forever thwarted by the very hatred of restraint that inspires it; the utter blackness of heart, strangely redeemed at times by an abundance of feminine impulse, and always masked behind her buoyancy of wit and charm; the intelligence so utterly devilish that even while it urges her on to new enterprises, it tells her of their ultimate defeat; and over all the tolerance that is the heart of Thackeray's feeling for this greatest of his women. That Mr. Mitchell has caught all this in the brief span of a play is a triumph of no mean proportions. His success is all the more commendable because many of the expedients for condensing the novel are quite of his own invention, and nowhere that I could discover is there a touch that is at odds with the true spirit of the novel. If it is true that Mozart was not displeased at hearing one of his airs played by a street musician, then certainly the larger heart of Thackeray would swell at seeing his favorite *Becky* moving in the flesh before the multitude. What is more important to us of to-day, the unfailing taste Mr. Mitchell has shown in selecting his material and his unerring skill in its presentation place him in the first rank of our dramatists, and give us the hope of work of his own invention that shall rank with the best the American stage has produced.

The *Becky* of the Play.

In praising Mr. Mitchell's sketch of *Becky* I have perhaps been unconsciously paying a tribute to Mrs. Fiske's presentation of it, for when the actor is wedded to the part it is not easy to distinguish. With the range of Mrs. Fiske's capability—from the gay *Cyprienne* in "Divorçons," to *Tess*, and the invalid heroine of "Love Finds the Way"—we are all tolerably familiar; but never before has she had a part that shows us so fully the scope of it. Nothing could be lighter and more brilliant than *Becky* in her happier moments; if any jot of charm was absent, the fault was not with Mrs. Fiske's intention, nor with her skill and intellectual vivacity in making this felt, but with the insurmountable limits of physique, which it is uncritical as well as ungrateful to hold against any real artist. In the more serious phases the effect seemed to me consummate. From the first moment, in the first act, when *Becky* gave account to *Rawdon* of her origin and her early life (apropos of the dancing-tights and the miniature of her mother) there could have been no reasonable doubt that mixed up with her utter selfishness and falsity there were some of the deeper impulses of a woman. And as *Becky's* worldly success became greater, the sense of the pity of it all increased. In the monologue in which she sits before her fire waiting for the hour when she is to pay the penalty of her sins to *Lord Steyne* with the deepest sin of all, Mrs. Fiske somehow or other imparted the feeling of high drama. No hero of tragedy was ever moved by a more relentless fate than that which urged this little French woman to shine and be gay at any cost, and no fate was ever more sure than *Becky's* impending ruin. Even when the jig was up and she was lying with all her little heart and soul to *Rawdon*, in the hope of clinging to the last straw of the gay world about her, Mrs. Fiske somehow commanded respect, and made one feel that at least a part of what she had done she had done out of affection and comradeship for *Rawdon*. She touches all the boundaries of *Becky's* character, and touches them with sympathy and precision.

Mrs. Fiske as *Becky Sharp*.

AT THE *DUCHESS OF RICHMOND'S* BALL.
After the Call to Arms, *Becky* is left alone

Careless as Mrs. Fiske is of her productions when no true dramatic point is to be gained, she sticks at no expense of thought and money when there is an adequate end in view. The scenery helped on the play at all points, and the ball-room scene at Brussels—the arena of *Becky's* first triumph—was really magnificent, which such scenes seldom are. Mr. Maurice Barrymore's *Rawdon* was a real creation, lacking only the carriage of a guardsman to be the dissolute, true-hearted soldier Thackeray intended; and with a touch more of cynic acerbity, Mr. Tyrone Power's *Steyne* would have been equally good. Mr. William Owen's *Jos Sedley* was perfection itself; the whole audience must have felt as if it had "shaken hands with a plum pudding." Mrs. Fiske's disadvantages in producing her plays in the teeth of the so-called theatrical syndicate are well known, as are the energy and courage with which she faces them. Involuntarily one compares her "Becky Sharp" with Mr. Charles Frohman's "Romeo and Juliet," and the comparison is altogether in her favor. Mrs. Fiske shows a successful intelligence that ranks her with Mr. Mansfield as an actor-manager.

The Production.

MRS. FISKE AS *BECKY SHARP*, AND TYRONE POWER AS THE *MARQUIS OF STEYNE*.
In "Becky Sharp," founded on *Vanity Fair*, at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York.

Mr. Freeman Wills's "The Only Way," which Mr. Martin Harvey produced in London, and which Mr. Henry Miller is playing in New York at the Herald Square Theatre, is an out-and-out dramatization of Dickens's *Tale of Two Cities*; it has neglected the literary qualities of the original where Mr. Mitchell so admirably preserves them, for the more purely theatrical effects, which Mr. Mitchell has regarded as of second importance. This was doubly wise of Mr. Wills; the literary quality of his original is a more negligible quality, and the theatrical possibilities of his story are greater. The result is a play full of sound melodrama, with here and there a passage of true tragedy. If there is nothing here above the heads of the audience, the fact is more than atoned for by the absence of anything that is beneath their hearts. One would be grateful to the production if only for the fact that it has brought Mr. J. H. Stoddart from his intermittent retirement. Miss Margaret Anglin, who created Mr. Mansfield's *Roxane*, plays the part, barely suggested in the novel, of the young serving-woman who nourishes an untold love for *Carton*, and plays it with such appealing simplicity that I found myself following her breathlessly even in passages where she did not speak for minutes together. Mr. Edward Morgan's *Defarge* was full of the unaffected virility and the finish of style for which he is so well known in the Lyceum Company. The signal part was of course *Carton*. Mr. Miller's histrionic instinct is unfailing, and his easy command of theatrical effect and the sympathetic quality of his presence made him master of his audience. Mr. Miller lately essayed *Hamlet* on the Pacific coast, and as I watched him I found myself giving full credence to the good reports of his performance. Surely he should release us from the chagrin that would befall us if Miss Julia Arthur's *Hamlet* were the only one put before us here in the coming season.

The Dramatization of *The Tale of Two Cities*.

JOHN CORBIN.

Sixty Years

We wonder how often you have bo
worse than worthless for you. You hav
promise of *cure* written on it, only to find
wouldn't quite do its work.

When a cough medicine is good it's worth ten times
than bad. You get no better; while it's trying to cure yo

We enjoy advertising Ayer's Cherry Pectoral because we believe that every
bronchitis, asthma, croup, cough, and even consumption.

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Acute Bronchitis

"I have been a terrible sufferer for two winters with acute bronchitis. Winter before last I was confined to my bed for five weeks with it. I could not find any relief in any kind of a cough medicine. At night I would cough and cough until I was completely exhausted. Last winter I started in with the same dry, hacking cough. A lady customer told me to buy a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I did so, and at once it gave me such relief that I rested well at night. Soon I was completely cured, and I wish to give you my sincere thanks. Words are not strong enough to tell you what benefits I received from it."—George Otto, dealer in paints, oils, glass, etc., Chicago, Ill., August 29, 1899.

Throat Co

"I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for a ection
years, and I have never known it to fail in giving lief.
family I have yet to know the first instance that it has n
of the age."—Mrs. N. Emerson, Elizabeth, N. J., April

Lung Trou

"I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral since early
and I have always found it to be the best remedy fo
J. O'Neill, Pittsburg, Pa., April 21, 1899.

We have sold millions of bottles of Ayer's Cherry Pec
shall sell in the next twenty. You know and we know tha
gists have this fall, Cherry Pectoral has taken on new life.
before they bought it by the gross.

Your doctor or druggist will bear us out. Three sizes:
just the thing for a cold that "hangs on"; 25c. size,

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ught a cough medicine only to find it
ve knocked at every door which had a
l it opened by some useless thing which

es its price; when it won't quite do its work it is worse
you the cough goes deeper and deeper into your chest.

ry bottle sold brings comfort and health and happiness to some sufferer from

y should we get such testimonials as these?

Comfort

ections of the throat and lungs for over forty
lief. Among my friends and members of my
as not helped. It is one of the great blessings
April 21, 1899.

roubles

early in 1853. I have also used it in my family
y for coughs and all throat and lung troubles."

La Grippe

"I had a severe attack of the grippe which left me with a bad lung trouble. I was unable to do my work for a year. I then began to take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and it cured me very promptly. All my friends said I had consumption."—A. K. Randles, policeman, Nokomis, Ill., August 3, 1899.

Severe Cough

"I had a bad cough for six weeks and could not find any relief whatever. My little girl read about Ayer's Cherry Pectoral being such a wonderful remedy for coughs, so I bought a bottle. It relieved me at once. Before I had taken a quarter of a bottle my cough was entirely cured. I think it is the most wonderful cough mixture ever known."—L. Hawn, Newington, Ont., May 3, 1899.

ectoral in the last sixty years, but not half as many as we
hat with the new 25 and 50 cent sizes that all the drug-
fe. Some druggists are buying it by the carload where

s: $1.00 size, cheapest in the long run; 50c. size,
ze, for an ordinary, mean, disagreeable cold.

THE DREYFUS VERDICT. *By Julian Ralph*

RENNES, *September 12, 1899.*

WHEN we heard the verdict we were stunned. There were present one hundred soldiers and gendarmes to overpower us should we groan or hiss; another hundred secret-service police to arrest us after we were silenced. These were unnecessary, for the stress of our emotion silenced us, and we walked out into the air between lines of soldiers with drawn bayonets as speechless as mutes. There were many anti-Dreyfusards in the audience, and they were as overcome as we. They had prayed for this finish to the trial, but when it had come it was as if for the first time they realized what it meant to one man and one woman. It is impossible to believe that they could dream what it is yet to mean for the nation it degrades and p llutes.

Without bidding for a credit which is only due to ordinary common-sense, I wish to say that after the end of the first week of the trial I unvaryingly prophesied Captain Dreyfus's recondemnation To HARPER'S WEEKLY I wrote, weeks ago, "It is ten times more difficult to acquit Captain Dreyfus now than it was when he was first tried in 1894." To-day my newspapers of the day before the verdict have reached me, and I read the headlines: "Recondemned! Correspondents say this will happen to Dreyfus." This they did say to me when I canvassed them, but they did not write it, because they hoped it would not be so, and in the main they left Europe and America of the one opinion that the prisoner would be acquitted. In every one of their minds was fought a battle between the application of Anglo-Saxon rules of evidence and what they knew of the real issue before the French court—which was not the question of Dreyfus's guilt or innocence, but the principle of saving or destroying the prestige and the honor of the army of France.

We had here seven judges of the mental calibre which leads men to choose soldiering as a profession. These seven men had been machinized, woodenized, by a lifetime's subjection to the iron discipline of military life. For four years it had been Article One of their military faith to believe Dreyfus guilty; a supreme dogma of the religion of all except Colonel Jouaust, who is a Protestant; a symbol and test of French patriotism and French respectability. We all knew this before the retrial began. When the trial did begin and these men called the witnesses, they heard that Captain Dreyfus was a traitor from the lips of their generals—the men they are trained to respect, who can promote or degrade them, whose opinions are all but commands to subordinates like these judges. The witnesses who said he was not guilty were, for the most part, tainted officers, civilians, foreigners.

Notice that I, who think the verdict infamous, do not charge the judges with deliberate or conscious bad faith. See how different from ours was their environment—what different gases are in the air they and we are breathing. As I sat at this desk on the evening of the verdict, Rennes went into rejoicing, the air quivered with the voices of the people singing the Marseillaise and a new song called "Conspuez les Juifs!" (out upon the Jews). A mob demanded these tunes of the band at the Café de la Paix. Another mob sang "Out upon the Jews!" before the jail for Captain Dreyfus to hear them, and past Madame Goddard's house, for Mrs. Dreyfus to know that France was rejoicing over a man's martyrdom and a woman's torture. Remember when you weigh the act of the court martial that the best elements in France supported its verdict. And never lose sight of the fundamental fact that if you do not like the verdict you do not like France, or what it is standing for, or what it has fallen to.

These judges have minds and consciences, you say. Then upon what did they cast the five votes which convicted the prisoner? They must have had something upon which to build their reasoning, some mainstay for their self-respect. They did. Captain Dreyfus was found guilty because of his evasive, shuffling, disingenuous replies to the questions put to him about his visit to his home in Alsace when the German military manœuvres took place there, and because of his visits in Paris to a house which had been suspected, perhaps known, to be a resort of military attachés and foreign spies. Back of everything and underneath everything lay his great unpopularity; for he was a boastful, vain, overcurious fellow in his heyday, whom nobody in the army seems to have liked. He was no model in morals or deportment. The very fairest presumption is that in his boastful way he first lied about having seen the German manœuvres, and in his worst plight he denied having lied; finally he fell between the two lies, and cut such a sorry spectacle that his able and eloquent counsel did not refer to the matter in his summing up, in which he touched on every hair of every other topic. As to the visits to the house of the Bodsons in Paris, all there is to say is that his worst offence there was one concerning a woman—an offence of which Frenchmen boast on their own account, but are not above using against whoever they wish to asperse.

These are the offences upon which his judges convicted Captain Dreyfus; but they belittled these charges by their conduct of the trial and their deportment during it. Of course, to our minds, when they declined to take the favorable testimony of Panizzardi and Schneider, the foreign attachés, they made it impossible to justify a verdict of "guilty." But this great offence does not bulk as big in itself as the multitude of petty unfairnesses and breaches of judicial etiquette by which I have insisted in print that they gave us fair, early, and sure warning that they intended to recondemn their victim. If your newspaper reports were at all fair and full, these things must have struck the public at home. You read how often President Jouaust said to Maître Labori: "I will not put that question." "You may speak if you are brief." "You must keep your questions to the point." You noted how often, by his mere silence and failure to insist upon answers by anti-Dreyfusard witnesses, he crippled M. Labori's efforts to get at the truth. You read how the generals declined to answer what was asked of them, how they referred to dead and missing men for proof of what they swore to. You remember Labori's saying to Mercier: "You will not answer me. It is the course I expect to meet throughout the trial." And again he said to Colonel Jouaust, "Whenever I press a delicate question, you refuse to put it." His impatient cry of "Major Henry dead, Sandherr dead, du Clam ill, Esterhazy absent—these are the persons to whom I am constantly referred," that warning of what the verdict would be must surely have been cabled to you. The president, who put an imbecile foreigner on the witness-stand, on his own responsibility and not on oath, is, after all, only the same president who interjected comment adverse to the prisoner whenever he got an opportunity. When a witness said it was foolish to condemn any man on a dozen lines of handwriting, the president said "that is an opinion"—he who had patiently heard prejudiced opinion for ten long days from the officers of the General Staff. When Rowland Strong said Esterhazy confessed having written the bordereau, it was not a lawyer, but a judge (the president), who exclaimed, "And yet Esterhazy says Dreyfus is guilty!" Surely there was no reason that New York should be "aghast at the verdict," and that London should be "stupefied," as my friends in those cities cabled to me. The verdict almost had to be what it was when you consider the forces and influences that dominated the court. Do not call it infamous unless you call the French nation so, for the impulses which actuated these judges were what they deemed the highest—obedience to their Church, concern for their rotten army, the safety of their tottering country, affiliation with aristocracy and respectability against the socialists, nihilists, atheists, and vagabonds—and the leading literary men—of France. So strangely is France divided over this cause *célèbre!*

Well, Dreyfus is the smallest atom in the affair. Had he died before the trial began, the battle between the two grand divisions of French society would still have had to be fought out. The army means to rule or ruin, and which it shall be is still to be decided, for, even if Dreyfus is finished, the trouble is but just begun. And yet we who are not in the struggle have not had our humanity impaired, and we keep turning our minds to the solitary prisoner over whom the "grande armée" of France has triumphed, and to his constant, courageous, modest wife, and to little Pierre and Jeanne, so much worse than fatherless. And when we hear the verdict we are stunned and struck dumb.

I counted it a high privilege to see Dreyfus with my own eyes after he had become the most celebrated of living men. I was shocked at first to see how his suffering had wrecked him, for at thirty-nine he had become sixty—a white-haired broken man, moving like an automaton and shrieking like a bird. At least it seemed to me he was one who had been purified by suffering. One look I had at him on the morning of the day of the verdict was of a gentle-spirited, kindly man, full of sensibility and emotion. A smile I caught as he threw it toward Labori gave me a wholly new view of him. Thank Heaven, he goes to comfortable quarters; he knows now of the immense human brotherhood that weeps and fights for him. And better than all else, he is rid of the false idea that he is a part of the French army. He knows now that it is his comrades who are persecuting him, and that he can rid his soul and mind of all sense of the fitness of blind obedience, respect, and deference to the mere stripes on the sleeve of a man. His soldier training proved his weakness when he came to war with his superiors, but now he knows he can never be a soldier again in France, should he be freed before he dies.

MUSIC

AUTUMNAL NOTES AND FORECASTS—1899-1900

THE excellent, if conservative, saying, "Never believe anything that you hear, and only one side of what you see," holds much wisdom for all people who read of musical announcements just now. "Subject to change" is to be read between almost every couple of sentences. Nevertheless, the public is eager for the first whispered details, however shifty, of the coming programme-general; and, after all, a little over-credulity is an extremely amiable quality in these degenerate and cynical days.

Of Opera in New York, 1899-1900.

As was the case last autumn, the Castle Square Company opens the local operatic season. Whatever have been or will be the shortcomings of this curious, sincere, and most interesting experiment, the acclimatizing (not merely giving) grand opera in our vernacular, there can be no question of the hold that the performances at the American Theatre have obtained, or of the general soundness of the company's claim to recognition as a vital factor in our music. I cannot deny that I feel, at this writing, some misgivings as to how "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg" will be served at the American next week, if we are to compare it with "Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg" at the Metropolitan long ago. But let me not seem a sceptic overmuch, but wait and hear and see how things—Wagnerian things, of all others—will "go." The mere effort at a performance in English of such a work, under such conditions, is not at all a trivial, carelessly cast straw in the wind of opera sung in New York, casually in English; but toward opera sung in New York only in English. That is coming. It is inevitable. You will not believe it or like it. You will have it, and that under far more imposing and modish auspices, before you are quite aware of its being at hand. And so will be shown the beauty and richness of our own tongue as a lyric-drama's vehicle; and so you will wonder that you had any idea that Beethoven and Mozart and Gluck and Wagner and Verdi ever could "sound queer" in the language of the Anglo-Saxon lands. I admit that the libretto question—I mean the question of libretto translations—is yet a severe one. But that is largely a matter of bugaboo and of a straw ghost. Mr. Grau, for an example of operatic managers concerned, knows well the course of events to come, and no matter how many foreign or American singers may just now seem to hold back from learning their rôles in English, take the writer's word for it, many of them are clandestinely working hard at their English text.

As regards the Metropolitan Opera House in 1899-1900, the prospectus as yet would be a premature publication indeed. Great singers flirt with great managers, in the official sense, and conduct themselves as to contracts with the skittishness of colts or of coquettes. Mr. Maurice Grau is now in London, immersed in details for our pleasure, almost deep enough to submerge his well-deserved new decoration from the French Republic. That the Metropolitan season will be equally brilliant in effect, as to its corps of artists, with that of 1899 may be absolutely determined. That the repertory will be bettered is more than probable. That it will include performances of grand opera sung in English, as an experiment at the Metropolitan, certain to attract much talk, is possible. Mr. Grau's shrewdness in foreseeing currents of popular taste is a secret of his success—and there is no doubt that the question of opera in the vernacular in the Metropolitan is already an able-bodied one. There will be a judicious, rather than a prodigal, element of Wagner in the season's bills. One special feature will be a Wagner "cyclus," such as we used to have under Mr. Edmund C. Stanton's régime—the successive production of all of Wagner operas (except "Die Feen," "Das Liebesverbot," and "Parsifal") in chronologic order. A Mozart partial-cyclus is also in contemplation. De Lara's "Messaline" will be a leading novelty. The larger part of last winter's company will reappear, the additions of importance being Madame Thilka Ternina; perhaps Miss Edyth Walker, of Vienna, though this is not at all determined; Mr. Albert Alvarez, the French tenor; Mr. Scotti, an Italian barytone of superior sort; and Mr. Bertram, the well-known German barytone. Madame Calvé will return to us. Mr. Paur, Mr. Mancinelli, and Mr. Gustav Hinrichs make a specially strong group of conductors. The New York season begins late—December 18—to continue during fifteen weeks. The subscription will shortly be completed.

Massachusetts. The Worcester Music Festival, 1899.

The antique status of the honored but long sleepy Worcester County Musical Association is indeed happily amended, so far as concerns its most important public charge, its annual festival. The forty-second festival will probably be in full course as these letters are in print. The new executive committee have again shown that through good report or evil report (I am speaking after the manner financial) they have come to stay. They have emancipated the festival from its ancient and drowsy régime. Last year the success was complete, save in the balance on hand. This year, let us hope that there will be not only another dignified, interesting festival, but a better pecuniary showing. Of course the exiled and quarrelling members of the old-time management will show their teeth and snarl—the Philistines of Worcester girding at the youthful Davidites. But the Davidites will win. The choral and orchestral works this year will include Haydn's "The Creation," Horatio G. Parker's new "King Trojan," "The Lily Nymph," by Mr. George W. Chadwick (the chief constructor of the festival), repeated from last year's list, Berlioz's "Damnation de Faust," a series of Wagnerian excerpts (from "Lohengrin"), one movement of a symphony by Charles C. Converse, and a piano-forte concerto by him, Professor Macdowell's fine First Suite, Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, Tschaikovsky's Fifth Symphony, Goldmark's "Sakuntala" Overture, Mackenzie's "Britannia" Overture, and numerous shorter matters. The soloist list is excellent, and, as in the above catalogue of the music, distinct recognition of the American in music is evident. The time has come—has more than come—when the field for the music-maker and for the music-interpreter of United States nationality and training must be given over to him or to her—of course in due ratio to capabilities and to sincerity—in a profession too long unaware of the value of its own home-keeping professors. It is becoming more and more pleasant to think of what one generation more will do for the American in music.

The Worcester (England) Festival.

Our Worcester in America cannot inhedge its annual festival with the gracious and uplifting suggestion of a religious origin and of the auspices of an English cathedral town. A few days earlier than the New England incident occurs the old England one. It is interesting to compare the programmes of the two events. They are not unlike in aims and effect, save that Worcester, England, preserves a much more emphatic ecclesiastical complexion of its great and noble charge. The "Opening Service," as it is called, will have occurred as I write, on Sunday, September 10. The "Elijah" of Mendelssohn, "Harvest Tide," a new choral work by Mr. Lee Williams; Peter Cornelius's "Vätergruft," and Haydn's "The Creation" will be sung in the Monday concerts. On Wednesday will be heard a new orchestral score by Coleridge Taylor, Edward Elgar's "The Light of Life," Dvorák's "Te Deum," and Brahms's "Deutsches Requiem"; and a miscellaneous "Wagner concert" occurs in the Town Hall. On Thursday (three concerts) the "Hora Novissima," that masterly work by Professor Horatio G. Parker of our nationality, will be sung, as will be Palestrina's "Stabat Mater," Spohr's "Last Judgment," Bach's cantata "God's Time is the Best Time," Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise," and Parry's "Blest Pair of Sirens," and Beethoven's Seventh Symphony will be added. On Friday "The Messiah" comes in a morning concert. This is, indeed, a pretty solid musical bill of fare, with few *hors-d'œuvre*. The soloists are of the first class, of course. It is to the credit of old Worcester that it has so maintained an individual vitality among all the rival semi-ecclesiastical festivals of Great Britain—withal its cathedral in architectural expressiveness may not outshine the glories of Durham or Lincoln.

E. IRENÆUS PRIME-STEVENSON.

ADMIRAL

GEORGE DEWEY

U. S. Navy

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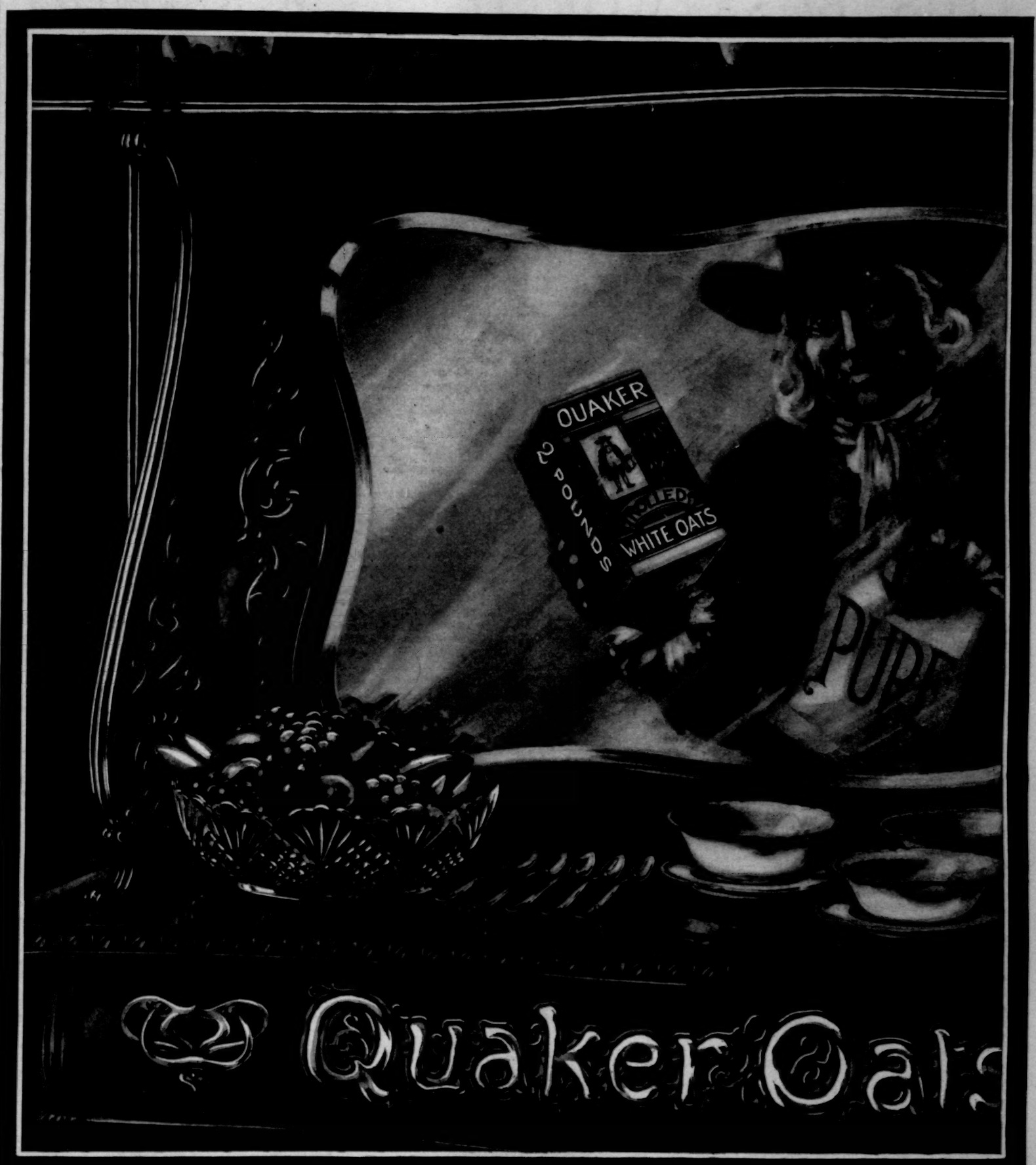

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PAUL E. DERRICK ADV'G AG'CY

THIS BUSY WORLD. *By E. S. Martin*

THE Attorney-General of Illinois, Mr. Akin, has rendered an opinion that it is not an offence under the criminal code of his State for a citizen to die without the assistance of medicine, and that the new Medical Practice Act of 1899 does not prohibit the treatment of disease by mental or spiritual methods by Christian Scientists or others where no medicine is used. Whether, in his opinion, persons who have not had a medical education may lawfully charge fees for treatment of the sick does not appear. To allow persons who have no special knowledge of disease or doctoring to practise healing and collect money for it is an evil which most of us recognize, but to rule that every sick person shall call in a doctor and follow his directions would also be a very serious evil. It is not for legislatures to legislate drugs down any one's gullet. Time and publicity are the chief defences against all sorts of quacks. The fittest humans will survive, and among the fittest will be those whose personal gumption enables them to choose a competent person to take charge of them when they are ill.

A HEALER, by-the-way, who makes no pretence at having a medical education is less dangerous than an incompetent physician who has a certificate. If you employ the faith cure or mind-cure practitioner, at least you know what you are about; but if the man you call in has not the knowledge which his diploma calls for, then indeed it is the blind who leads the blind.

IT will be remembered that at the time of the death of Baroness de Hirsch there were various conflicting statements as to the value of the property she left. Her will, the provisions of which were lately published at length in the London *Times*, appears to have disposed of about $26,750,000. She left to various charities about $13,500,000. The other half of her estate went to her three adopted children, two sons and a daughter, the sons to receive eventually about $5,000,000 each, and the daughter about $2,200,000. Two million dollars or more was left in legacies to individuals. To the Home for Working-girls in New York she left $600,000, and $1,200,000 to the Baron de Hirsch Fund in New York, and $120,000 for the Baron de Hirsch Fund in Montreal. The Baron de Hirsch Fund of New York is also named as one of the four charities which are to share the funds left to the adopted children of the Baroness if either of them dies without issue.

A PAPER which Judge Simeon E. Baldwin, of New Haven, read at the recent meeting of the American Science Association has stirred much comment and some discussion. He held that it was inexpedient that physicians should use extraordinary means to keep the breath of life in persons whose vital forces are clearly spent. When a man's time has come, it is better, Judge Baldwin thinks, to let him die a natural death than to fan a flickering flame of artificial life in him and make him suffer. In hopeless cases or the cases of old people, the judge would have the doctors less urgent to fend off death by use of oxygen, or hypodermic injections, or such other familiar means as doctors use. He doubts the piety, as well as the sense and expediency, of protracting life against the will of nature.

No doubt a good many lives are drawn out to very little purpose nowadays for hours, or days, or weeks, or even longer, but in ordinary cases a doctor cannot say positively that anybody's time has come until he is dead. What efforts shall be used to prolong life can't be determined by a general rule. It is in every case a matter of judgment. Most of us will agree with Judge Baldwin, that to use extraordinary efforts to keep alive a patient who suffers much and cannot get well is wrong. But a doctor who is a big enough man will know when he ought to let his patient die, and for a doctor who isn't a big man it is probably safer to keep his patient alive as long as he knows how. "Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest," is not a rule that may be given out entire to the medical profession for miscellaneous use. If there is to be a general rule, the only rule possible is, "Keep the patient alive as long as you can." If there are to be exceptions, let them come in practice on the responsibility of the practitioner.

THERE is much talk about boycotting the Paris fair because of Dreyfus, and individuals in many countries have declared their intention of staying away. It was reported the other day that 700 citizens of Chicago, who were going to Paris in a body, had countermanded the passage that they had engaged and given up their trip. That was somewhat early to allow displeasure to take so definite a form. But what an admirable piece of good luck it is that France just at this time should happen to have given the world such a hostage as her great fair! That governments should withdraw their support from her enterprise was not to be expected, whatever Dreyfus's fate might be. But with individuals it is different. They would have staid away from Paris by the hundred thousand if Dreyfus should have been again degraded and imprisoned, and doubtless the French cabinet were not unmindful of it when they pardoned (!) him. It is not easy to recall a case in which the means of punishing a national crime came so readily and promptly to hand.

THE September descent of Americans upon New York has been so remarkable that the statistics of it promise to make interesting reading. When cots are put up in New York hotel parlors the first week in September, with no great show or unusual occurrence to warrant it, it seems to mean that the tide of wealth and population in the United States has risen to a new level. This year we had a cool summer, and September, during the first half of it, was reminiscent of cold storage. That helped in bringing folks to town, both dwellers and visitors. The shadow of the approaching Admiral has doubtless had its effect too. People have come to town to arrange for their Deweying, and others to get their general business done and out of the way before the crush began. But these considerations don't explain *all* the crowd. The great moving fact back of this concourse of visitors is money. The times are good; pig-iron is soaring, and everything else is more or less a-flutter, and the American is disposed to take his pleasure. He has doubtless noticed already that there are to be two more great buildings erected in his honor on Fifth Avenue; one on the site of the Windsor Hotel; the other between Fifty-first and Fifty-second streets. This latter hotel, rumor says, is to cover a whole block and outshine all its neighbors.

DISCOURSING, in a recent speech, about dukes, Lord Rosebery has been saying that we in America have them as well as the British. Our dukes, he says, are the great railroad capitalists, who travel in private cars and maintain a degree of luxury that few British dukes could rival. We do not as yet look up to even our most respected rich men as Englishmen do to thoroughly solvent dukes in good standing, but there is no doubt that in the last twenty years in this country some few families of exceptional wealth and character have come to hold a place in American society which is analogous to that held by sundry ducal families in England. These families are not only rich, but, in a way, they are representative. They have histories which, though comparatively brief, are very widely known. They have responsibilities too, and their conduct in some particulars is matter of far-reaching concern. Public interest in them is keen, and public knowledge of them and their concerns is intimate, and is constantly fed by the newspapers. We don't know dukes when we see them in this country, but the English, who do know them and understand their uses and underlying facts, realize that we have their equivalent. Some English dukes know it too, as becomes evident from time to time in new international marriages. It is the men behind the duke—and not dead men, but live ones—that make him effective, and behind some of our republican dukes there are industrial armies of great size and prodigious efficiency. The members of them, to be sure, are not their duke's men except in a very limited measure, but he is their duke a good deal, and they feel probably a more active sense of proprietorship in him than he in them. No doubt that is one respect in which American dukes are different, and it is rather an important particular.

ELECTRICITY as a means of executing persons condemned to death seems not to be entirely satisfactory. No criminal who has tested it has complained, but observers in some cases have found some fault. One trouble with it is that its effects vary so much in different cases that it is impossible to tell beforehand how strong a current any case may require. The newest proposal for scientific execution is to have an air-tight lethal chamber, which may at any time be filled by hydrocyanic acid gas, which may be turned on at any time without the knowledge of the prisoner. At the first gulp of it he would lose consciousness, and would never know what killed him. At the meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, in August, at Columbus, Ohio, Professor W. G. Johnson, of the Maryland Agricultural College, advocated the use of this gas for killing criminals. No doubt it would be satisfactory to the criminals, but it seems doubtful whether a civilization which accepts so suave a method as this of enforcing the death penalty will not reject capital punishment altogether. Death is a rude remedy. Eliminate all its rudeness, and its remedial properties are likely to be more sharply questioned than ever.

AMERICANS resident in Yokohama complain that their resources are not equal to the great drain on their hospitalities which is a consequence of the visits of American transports and hospital-ships to that port. Their hearts are enlarged by the sight of American soldiers, especially the sick soldiers, and they want to do them all good and make them happy; but though they have systematized the work, they find it too great for them to handle, and one of them, in a recent letter published in the New York *Evening Post*, calls upon the War Department to help them out by establishing, in Yokohama, a temporary reception-hospital, with surgeons and a few nurses. The rest the local Americans will be able to manage. The behavior of the American soldiers who have visited Yokohama has been very much admired. There have been several letters about it, and all reports concur in proud approval.

THE Zionists held a successful congress at Basle this year during the week ending August 19. Max Nordau was one of its chief lights and spokesmen. A large increase of Zionist societies was reported. About $23,000 had been paid into the treasury during the year, and the Jewish Colonial Trust, which aspires to command a capital of $10,000,000, reported that 300,000 of its one-pound shares had been taken, so that its present capital is about $1,500,000. The de Hirsch legacies, which are devoted to the benefit of Jews in the countries where they dwell at present, would seem to antagonize, in a measure, the Zionist idea. But the Zionists look to the future, whereas the Baron and Baroness de Hirsch were very practical people and dealt with present needs.

THE attention of the State Board of Health of California has been called to the number of consumptives who come yearly to California. At a meeting held on September 15, at Sacramento, Dr. Crowley pointed out that about 20,000 consumptives came to California every year, and offered a resolution that the board consider the expediency of a quarantine against tuberculosis, or at least some further regulation of it. He did not think that patients suffering from tuberculosis should go to church or to the theatre, or attend social or public gatherings. His resolution was passed, but severe restrictive action on tuberculosis would be difficult in any State, and very difficult indeed in California. It is a good thing to consider, but the next step is a different matter.

REPORTS from Manila say that prices of raiment are rising, and that a suit of cotton drill now costs three dollars, and of white duck, six dollars. Shirts, it appears, are not in fashion or use in Luzon—except under-shirts—but coats have standing collars. It is reassuring to learn that collars are worn in any form. Ethnologists and philosophers generally are inclined to attribute a considerable share of the national defects of the Chinese to the neglect of shirt collars. A collar, especially a white linen standing collar, well starched, is a great moral support, and tends to strengthen character and give tenacity to purpose. One of the encouraging characteristics of the American negro is the readiness with which he takes to collars, and prefers them stiff and tall. Imagine Gladstone without his shirt collar! Impossible! Consider how greatly the old style of collar, with its cravat wound many times around the throat, availed for the elevation of the chin and the promotion of dignity and decision of character. No nation which eschews proper collars seems to be progressing towards the front rank to-day. Frenchmen, it will be recalled, are more inclined than other civilized people to wear low-neck collars. Any educated man might have inferred as much from the reports of the Dreyfus trial.

IN a new and particularly audacious volume of sea stories there is one tale in which an officer and an enlisted man of the United States navy are kidnapped in New York on their way to Brooklyn, put aboard a merchant ship while insensible, and compelled to serve as sailors. The incident seems to strain probability a little, but it makes a good story. Moreover, it would seem to be hard to invent any situation involving the abuse of sailors which is so outrageous that it cannot be matched by fact, and not by old, mouldy, historical fact, either, but by fresh, contemporaneous occurrence recorded in the newspapers. The San Francisco *Call* reports that "shanghaiing is becoming as common in that port as it has ever been at any time. Men are scarce, and any unsophisticated person who is careless of his safety is liable to wake out of a drugged sleep and find himself aboard ship on the high-seas, bound for a distant port." It says that on August 31 a cook of the United States cruiser *Newark* woke up, after an evening ashore, aboard the British ship *Crompton*, bound out, and only escaped because, the *Newark's* launch happening to pass near, he jumped overboard and was picked up. A friend of his, kidnapped at the same time, was given up by the British captain on demand of the *Newark's* launch. This makes the improbable tale in the new story-book seem much less unlikely.

Any urgent and doughty philanthropist who wants a wrong to right, but has not yet selected his wrong, is invited to turn his attention to the sailor-men who go out of American ports. They are not all deserving characters, but as objects of merciful intervention by law or personal effort they are continuously available.

THE rector of the University of Bonn has recently found it expedient to speak to his students on the subject of drinking. His address, as quoted by a correspondent of a French-American newspaper, affords an instructive example of moderation in reform. He does not tell his students that they must not drink, nor even that they must not drink according to rule, as German students are wont to do. The Germans, he says, have always drunk beer, and have apparently thrived on it; and since the time of Tacitus, at least, they have had prescribed rules and forms of drinking. That is very well, the rector says. "To the drinking custom in the gay and joyous circles there can be no objection." What he does object to is a new code which has been introduced during the last decade in many associations of students, which prescribes a certain quantity of beer to each man. The rector calls such a code idiotic, imbecile, and void of all reason. The amount of beer prescribed must be excessive, for he jeers at students who are so feeble-spirited as to submit to rules which involve compulsory drunkenness. They have a right, he says, to enliven their meetings with whatever can make them innocently gay. He enumerates some of the merits and benefits of drinking, but he has only scorn for rules which transform convivial meetings into contests in drunkenness.

No doubt the rector knows both his students and his subject, and no doubt the advice he gives is salutary; but there is a prodigious gulf fixed between him and the temperance reformers of these United States.

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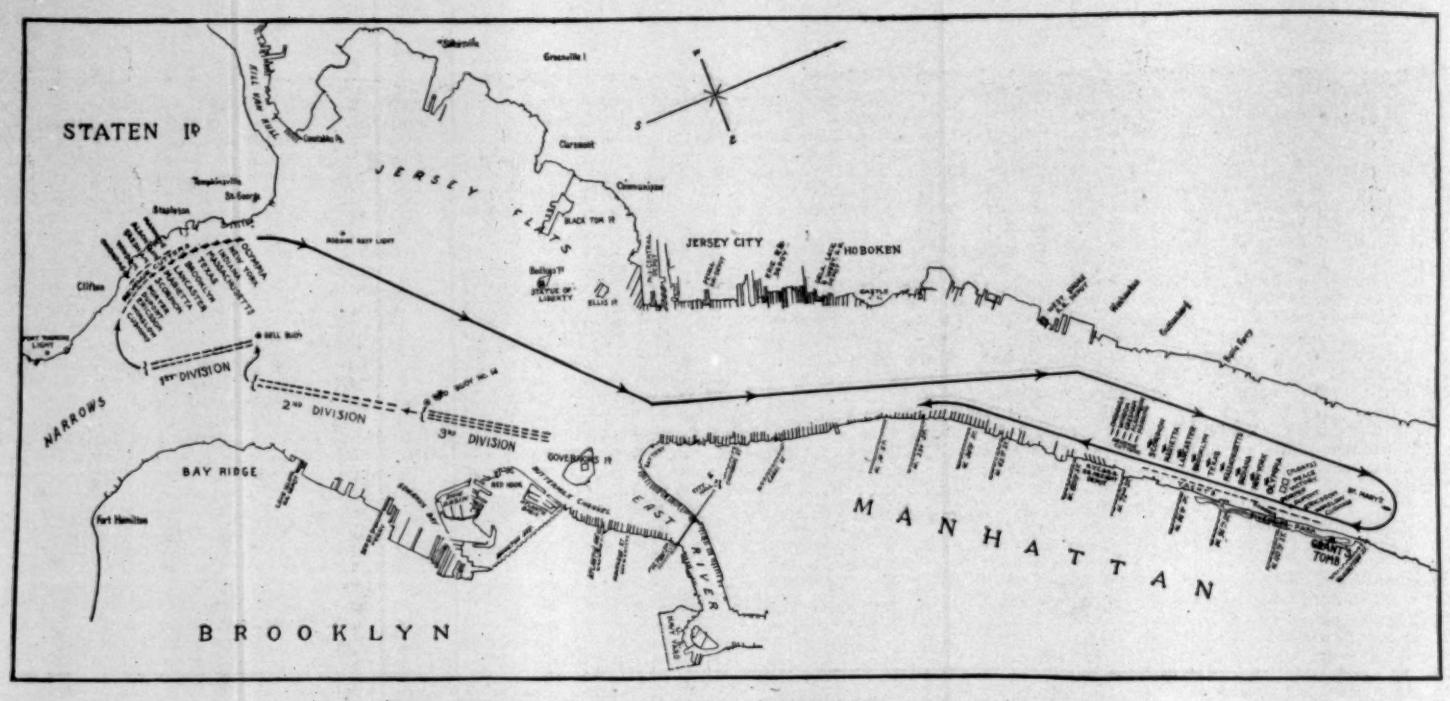

MAP SHOWING THE ROUTE TO BE FOLLOWED BY THE NAVAL PARADE.

THE PROGRAMME FOR THE DEWEY HOLIDAYS

IN honor of the return of Admiral Dewey to the United States, Governor Roosevelt issued a proclamation, dated September 18, appointing and setting apart Friday, September 29, and Saturday, September 30, 1899, as public holidays, to be observed throughout the State of New York as days of general thanksgiving. "The National Guard of this State"—thus the proclamation ran—"and citizens from different parts of the State are anxious to participate in the celebration to be given in the city of New York." But when the two days mentioned became State holidays by this act, it was already evident that the anxiety of the National Guard and citizens of other States to share in the zest of New York's welcome would give to the occasion the character of a very great national festival. The following outline of the official plans for the two eventful days has been prepared, therefore, not merely with a view to the convenience of sight-seers, but for the use of those whom New York has not the pleasure to entertain—those who may find it easier to realize the scenes, when they read descriptions of the celebration, if they have at hand an orderly statement of the principal features in their actual sequence. The programme and the accompanying diagrams have been prepared for the WEEKLY from information courteously supplied in advance by the officers in charge of the naval and land parades.

THE NAVAL PARADE ON SEPTEMBER 29

According to an unwritten law of the navy, Jack must have his dinner at the usual hour, whatever else happens; the start will therefore be made on Friday at one o'clock in the afternoon, instead of at high noon, as was at first suggested. Before this hour the police vessels detailed to the various divisions which compose the great fleet will be especially active, exerting themselves to get the divisions formed, assigning any straggling vessels to positions, and keeping the divisions as much closed up as possible. Such of the police vessels as have been detailed to clear up the Narrows, in the immediate neighborhood of the vessels which are to form a part of the pageant, will, after performing that duty, proceed together at full speed up the bay, clearing the course, and leaving vessels stationed at certain points to preserve a clear course and prevent vessels from breaking into the parade column.

An interesting item which may be mentioned in this connection relates to a rather novel device for enforcing the rules and keeping intruders at a distance. A number of fire-boats will be detailed for this duty, Commander Fremont being of the opinion that a stream of cold water skilfully directed, or held in reserve, would be a convincing argument or a potent and appropriate "arm." It must be borne in mind that the problem of handling the vessels presents features of uncommon difficulty, for while the members of the division of yachts, as well as of the division of war-ships, are used to subordination, the captain of every excursion-boat and tug is a king.

The situation at noon on Friday will be as follows: Just above the Narrows (the name given to the entrance to the bay, between Staten Island and Bay Ridge, Brooklyn) the vessels representing the United States navy will be in line near the Staten Island shore. The *Olympia*—Admiral Dewey's flag-ship—will occupy the position nearest the city, followed by the *New York*, the *Indiana*, the *Massachusetts*, the *Texas*, the *Brooklyn*, the *Lancaster*, the *Marietta*, the *Scorpion*, the *Porter*, the *Dupont*, the *Ericsson*, the *Winslow*, and the *Cushing*, in the order given. Between this line and the Staten Island shore will be the revenue-cutters *Manning*, *Algonquin*, *Gresham*, *Windom*, and *Onondaga*. The three divisions of the escort column will be ranged near the Long Island shore, extending from a point off Bay Ridge up towards Governors Island. The police vessels detailed to lead each division and to keep it separate will take their allotted stations and be prepared to move as soon as the last vessel of the division ahead is clear; and a distance of four hundred yards will be maintained between the divisions. When the *Olympia* is ready to leave her anchorage, there will be an aerial display, directed by E. I. Horsman, the kite expert; the national flag and the words "Welcome, Dewey," will be shown a thousand feet above the *Olympia's* deck, as though it were the inscription on a greater triumphal arch—a national Dewey Arch—through which the hero passes to receive the plaudits of the whole nation—not merely of the nation's chief city.

The novelty of the kite-flying feature of the water parade justifies further comment. When the parade starts from the Narrows immense combination tandems composed of box kites, Eddy kites, air-ships, keel kites, and naval kites, interspersed with flags and streamers, and extending for two miles on piano wire, will be flown high in the air. Steamboats in the parade will fly tandems of box kites with flags and streamers at elevations ranging from one thousand to two thousand feet; so that, far above the great vessels of the fleet, combinations of naval box kites in pairs and groups, with the stars and stripes interspersed, will be seen sailing through the air in fantastic procession; a mimic aerial regatta, in which some of the aspiring contestants will attain an elevation of five thousand feet.

The first division of the escort column, following the government vessels, will contain steam-yachts, placed under the command of Commodore Morgan of the New York Yacht Club, though some of the finest vessels in this division hail from other American ports. A partial list of the yachts and their owners follows, as based upon the entries up to September 19:

Adelita, Roger Upton; *Admiral*, J. D. Crimmins; *Alberta*, A. E. Tower; *Aloha*, A. C. James; *American*, Archibald Watt; *Anita*, J. H. Flagler; *Aquille*, William P. Eno; *Artemis*, F. T. Bowne; *Ava*, Walton Fergerson; *Avenel*, W. S. & J. P. Spaulding; *Badymena*, John Nicjolas Brown; *Barracouta*, Edward Kelly; *Black Pearl*, J. E. Addicks; *Cara*, Clarkson Cowl; *Chatolah*, A. J. Wise; *Columbia*, J. H. Ladew; *Corsair*, Com. J. P. Morgan; *Courier*, A. Spoor; *Elsa*, E. L. Breese; *Elreba*, H. Darlington; *Embla*, John F. Williams; *Enterprise*, W. S. Leeds; *Eugenia*, A. G. Cassatt; *Fedalma*, Aug. C. Tyler; *Felicia*, E. W. Bliss; *Gretchen*, John E. Reyburn; *Hiawatha*, Julius Fleischmann; *Ibis*, Samuel C. Lawrence; *Idalia*, Eugene Tompkins; *Ituna*, A. S. Bigelow; *Jathaniel*, H. A. Hutchins; *Kanawha*, John P. Duncan; *Katrina*, Henry F. Noyes; *Lagonda*, Edward Bowning; *Lavrock*, William Matheson; *Loando*, S. H. Stern; *London*, Louis Noxon; *Marguerite*, Guy Loomis; *Marietta*, H. B. Moore; *Mindora*, G. K. Clark, Jr.; *Montclair*, H. C. Hallenbeck; *Narada*, H. Waters; *Navarch*, Charles R. Flint; *Nearia*, Com. C. A. Gould; *Niagara*, Howard Gould; *Nirvana*, William R. Sands; *Nooya; Nourmahal*, John Jacob Astor; *Now Then*, E. F. Luckenbach; *Nydia*, Isaac E. Emerson; *Oneida*, E. C. Benedict; *Orient*, E. R. Ladew; *Palmer*, F. K. Sturgis; *Preble*, Arthur S. Luria; *Presto*, J. A. Mollenhauer; *Parthenia*, A. Hart McKee; *Rival*, W. P. DeWitt; *Sagamore*, J. H. Hanan; *Sapphire*, Amzi L. Barbar; *Sappho*, J. H. Alexandre; *Satanella*, Perry Belmont; *Scionda*, Alfred W. Booth; *Seminole*, O. L. Schwencke; *Sentinel*, C. K. G Billings; *Stellar*, Truman Beckwith; *Sultana*, J. R. Drexel; *Susquehanna*, J. Stickney; *Telka*, Evans R. Dick; *Theresa*, G. Sidenberg; *Tide*, Colgate Hoyt; *Toinette*, R. A. C. Smith; *Turbese*, A. Schwarzmann; *Varuna*, Captain G. F. Dominick; *Vergana*, F. H. Benedict; *Wanda; Willada*, William Hester; *Whisper*, Thomas Manning; *Zara*, H. H. Rogers.

Following the yachts will come a division including large steamers, and in the last division will be placed all tugs and unattached vessels. The division of yachts will form in column of twos, heading south, with the leading vessel opposite Quarantine; the division of large steamers will also form in column of twos, and heading south, with the leading vessel at the Narrows bell-buoy; the final division will form in column of threes, heading south, with its leading vessel at the red buoy of Erie Basin. All of these vessels are to be in division formation by 12.30 o'clock. The formation of these divisions heading south is rendered necessary by the state of the tide at that hour, the tide then being flood.

As an afterthought, the War Department at Washington ordered the transports *Sedgwick* and *McPherson* and the hospital-ship *Missouri* to take part in the naval parade as representatives of the marine service. These vessels may therefore be looked for among the typical craft in the government fleet.

At one o'clock P.M., then, the head of the column, the government fleet, will begin to move up the bay and North River, as shown on our diagram. The divisions of the escort column will move in succession as the last vessel of the preceding division passes, and an even speed of eight knots will be maintained. After passing Sixtieth Street the column will work as far over on the Jersey shore as the depth of water will permit. This in order that vessels to be anchored from 106th Street down may have room to manœuvre. The column will then turn the vessel stationed off 131st Street (the *St. Mary's*) with port helm, and head down stream, the men-of-war anchoring as shown in the diagram, the escort divisions passing between them and the New York shore. Thus every vessel in the escorting column will pass the men-of-war three times before the parade disbands off Twenty-third Street, North River. The *Monmouth*, the Sandy Hook boat, has been chartered for use by the New York State officials. The Mayor's boat, with the Governors of other States and the Reception Committee on board, will steam up the river ahead of all the ships except the *Olympia;* she will be alongside the *Olympia* during all the time that Admiral Dewey remains on board.

After this ceremony has been concluded, the space on the New York side of the anchored war-ships will be kept clear by the police for the use of yachts on which electrical displays will be made that night. Even vessels of the escort which return to the anchored war-ships after the parade has been disbanded will be required to keep on the New Jersey side.

FRIDAY EVENING AND SATURDAY MORNING

After dark New York will offer a most brilliant demonstration of the fact that it has four populous and patriotic shores. During this part of the celebration the honors will be pretty evenly divided between the East River and the North River, for on the one side will be, as a special feature, the Brooklyn Bridge illumination, while on the other side, and also as special features, will be the displays from the yachts and the enduring magnetism of the *Olympia* and its consorts. It is impossible to anticipate the effects; individual fancy will have free play alongshore; the only certainty in regard to the impression which the united efforts of so many people will produce is the surprise on the part of those who come to see anything like that which they have ever before seen or imagined.

By nine o'clock on Saturday morning, September 30, Admiral Dewey will come from the *Olympia* to the Battery. He will be met at the Battery by a committee of fifteen, who will escort him to the City Hall; there an address will be delivered by the Mayor, and twenty-five hundred school-children will sing patriotic songs. The Admiral will then receive a gold loving cup (a photograph of which appeared in HARPER'S WEEKLY last week) inscribed with the words, "Presented to Admiral George Dewey, United States Navy, by the City of New York, September the Thirtieth, One thousand eight hundred and ninety-nine." On the conclusion of these ceremonies, about ten o'clock, Admiral Dewey, with the Mayor and his committee and the city's invited guests, about four hundred persons in all, will drive down Warren Street, and will proceed by steamer to 129th Street.

Not a small share of public interest during the morning hours will be given to the visiting troops as they proceed to their appointed stations from the places which have been provided for their accommodation. The following assignments to quarters have been announced by General Roe:

For the Fourth Ohio Regiment, the hall on the corner of 125th Street and Park Avenue.

For the Second New York, from Troy and Saratoga, and for the Fourth Battalion, from the vicinity of Albany, the West Side Lyceum, Fifty-second Street and Broadway.

For the First Regiment, comprising the Hudson River companies, Wendel's Hall, in Forty-fourth Street.

For the First Battalion, Fourth Brigade, from Buffalo,

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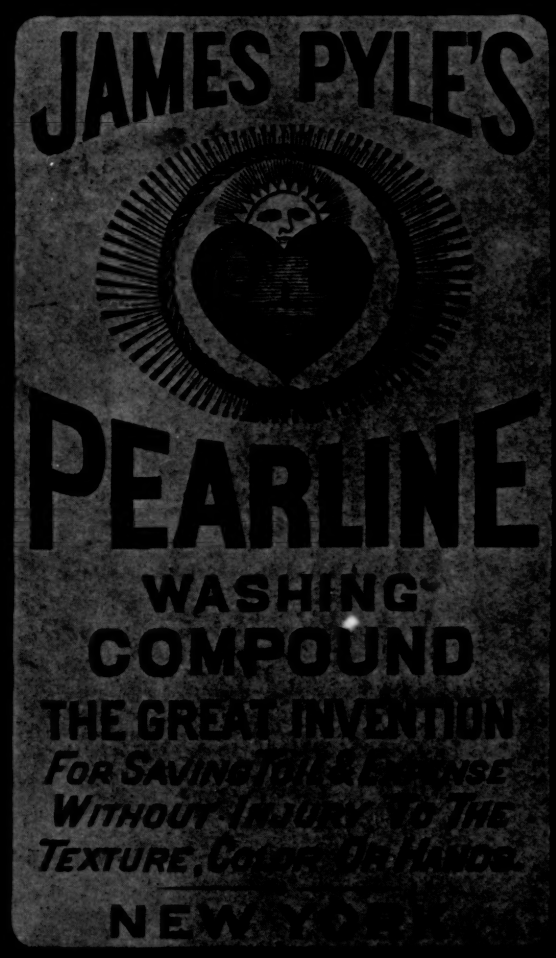


THE MODERN SOAP

IN POWDERED FORM FOR
YOUR CONVENIENCE

the Seventy-first Regiment Armory; for the Second and Third Battalions, the Ninth Regiment Armory.

For the Sixty-fifth Regiment, from Buffalo, the Seventy-first Regiment Armory; for the Seventy-fourth Regiment, from the same city, the Ninth Regiment Armory; and for the Fourth Signal Corps, also from Buffalo, Dickel's Riding Academy, in Fifty-sixth Street.

The headquarters of the Fourth Brigade will be at the Seventy-first Regiment Armory; those of the Third, from Albany, at the Murray Hill Hotel; those of the Tenth Battalion and Third Signal Corps, from Albany, on the boat on which they arrive; those of the Sixth Battery, from Binghamton, at the railway station at the foot of Twenty-third Street; those of the Ninth Pennsylvania, from Wilkesbarre, at the Twelfth Regiment Armory; those of the Washington Light Infantry, and all other Washington troops, at the Twelfth Regiment Armory; those of the Governor's Foot-Guards, of Connecticut, at Sonntag's Hotel, in 110th Street; those of the Second and Tenth Pennsylvania, at the Eighth Regiment Armory; those of the Fourth Maryland Regiment, at the Forty-seventh Regiment Armory, Brooklyn; those of the Fifth Maryland Regiment, at the Lenox Lyceum, Madison Avenue; those of the Florida troops (four companies, including the Jacksonville Tiger Infantry and one company each from Pensacola, Tampa, and Tallahassee), at the Twenty-second Regiment Armory; those of the Georgia troops, at the Fourteenth Regiment Armory, Brooklyn.

The streets through which the parade will pass will be quite transformed in appearance by the preparations that have been made to accommodate all who wish to see the marchers. The Madison Square Park frontage on Fifth Avenue has been selected by the committee for three stands, one of them for the review by the city's guests. The reviewing-stand will be 176 feet long by 65 feet deep, and will face the Worth Monument. The Committee of the State Legislature will have a stand 200 feet long by 60 feet deep, adjoining the reviewing-stand on the north side. South of the reviewing-stand will be a great L-shaped structure, 115 feet long on Fifth Avenue, and 144 feet on Twenty-third Street. Other stands will be at Seventy-second Street, over the Park entrance; on this school-children will be placed so that the colors of their clothing will spell the name "Dewey" in red, white, and blue. Along the north side of Fifty-ninth Street, from Fifth to Sixth, and Sixth to Seventh Avenue, will be stands to hold 7500 persons. Along the eastern side of Riverside Drive from the southern line of 100th Street north to 102d Street will be an official stand, tickets to which will be given out by the committee to preferred applicants, and so on. A great number of private stands will be erected by permission of the Building Commissioner, and along the curbs of streets intersecting the line of march trucks will be placed, three deep. Points of vantage will, of course, be the windows of buildings facing the line of parade, and for some of these almost fabulous prices have been paid. A room in a Fifth Avenue house near Twenty-sixth Street has been rented for five hundred dollars for the afternoon; rooms with but one window on Fifth Avenue commanded three hundred dollars; single windows near Madison Square have been selling for fifty dollars each; for the window privileges in a Fifth Avenue building four stories high speculators have offered the owner three thousand dollars.

THE LAND PARADE ON SEPTEMBER 30

In the nature of things it is impossible to announce beforehand with perfect confidence the precise hour at which the head of the land parade will start, so many organizations and so many men are to be considered. General Roe has promised, however, that he will do everything in his power to start it at noon, and of course it is regarded as extremely desirable to be off even at an earlier hour if possible. There will be at least thirty-two thousand troops in line, and they will march over a route about seven miles long. If the column should be so delayed that it could not start before one o'clock, the head of the column would not reach the reviewing-stand at Madison Square before three o'clock in the afternoon. The most one can expect of troops well drilled and marching in close formation is that seven thousand of them will pass a given point in one hour. It is probable, therefore, that it will take an hour for six thousand, or even five thousand, of these marchers to pass a point. Estimating the number of troops at about thirty-two thousand, it is plain that the parade, from first to last, will require five hours or more to pass a point in the route, even if there are no important delays. In other words, to make sure that the entire column shall pass the reviewing-stand by a reasonable hour—say seven o'clock—the start should be made before noon, and so it will be if the efficient officer in charge encounters no unforeseen obstacles. There is certainly a most earnest desire on the part of all those who are chiefly responsible for the management of the land parade to consult the wishes and convenience of the vast throng of spectators, as well as to be considerate of the marching thousands, whose last ranks, even under the most favorable conditions, cannot reach Washington Square, at which point the parade will be dismissed, much before eight o'clock.

The route is from Grant's Tomb to Riverside Drive, to Seventy-second Street, to Eighth Avenue, to Fifty-ninth Street, to Fifth Avenue, through the Dewey Arch at Twenty-fourth Street, and down Fifth Avenue, through the Washington Arch, to the south side of Washington Square.

During the forenoon, and, as we have said, at as early an hour as convenient, the several divisions of the land parade will take the positions which have been assigned to them by Major-General Charles F. Roe, chairman of the Committee on Land Parade.

Along the oval driveway north of the hotel at Claremont the sailors of the *Olympia* will wait their turn.

The regular army troops will mobilize in Claremont Avenue, on both sides of West 122d Street (which will be kept clear). In the next street towards the east, the Boulevard, the National Guard of the State of New York will be stationed, together with the Old Guard and the Naval Militia of the State of New York. In the streets running eastward from the Boulevard at this point will be the representatives of the troops of other States, while the Spanish-American war veterans will be mobilized in West 116th and 114th streets, just south of the Columbia University buildings. Each division in its turn will reach Riverside Drive by passing through West 122d Street.

PARADE FORMATION

The order in which the various divisions of the land parade will fall into line, and the relative positions to be maintained throughout the march, will be as follows:

Police.
Commanding General of the Parade, with a Small Staff.
Sousa's Band.
Sailors of the *Olympia*.
Admiral Dewey and the Mayor of New York in a Carriage.
Governors and the City's Guests in Carriages.
Admiral Sampson and Commanding Officers of his Fleet in Carriages.
Marines and Sailors of Admiral Sampson's Fleet.
Corps of Cadets from West Point.
Troops of the Regular Army.
National Guard of New York.
Naval Militia of New York.
Old Guard of New York.
Troops from Pennsylvania——New Jersey——Georgia——Connecticut——Maryland——South Carolina——New Hampshire——Rhode Island——Ohio——Indiana——Mississippi——Missouri——Florida——Texas——District of Columbia, in the order mentioned.
Veterans of the War of the Rebellion.
Ex-Confederates.
Ex-Volunteers of the War with Spain.

The total number of troops entered in General Roe's list up to September 20 was 32,100.

It will be noticed that the troops, representing fourteen States, are arranged in an order which suggests a short lesson in American history. The New York troops precede, as though to show the way to their guests; the other States have been assigned to a place in the line which corresponds with the dates of ratification of the Constitution, on the part of the eight commonwealths first mentioned, and of admission into the Union on the part of those which follow, until we come to the anomalous District of Columbia.

In the event of participation in the parade by the Toronto Highlanders, a post of honor will be assigned to the Canadian guests between the troops of the regular army and those of the New York National Guard.

In the evening a "smoker" will be given to the *Olympia's* crew in the large ball-room of the Waldorf Hotel; twenty-five men from each of the war-ships have been detailed to attend this entertainment.

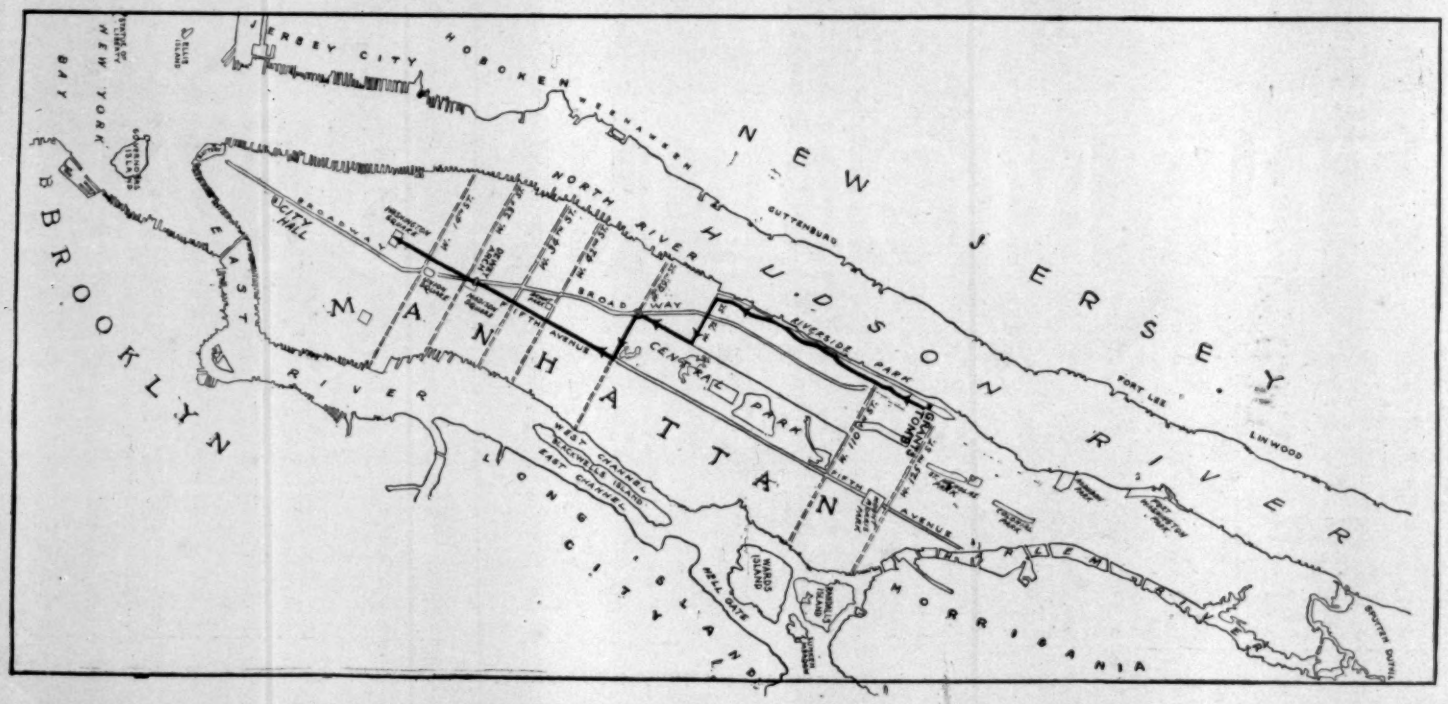
The expert in charge of the kite-flying for the water parade will again fill the sky with flags, banners, streamers, and the familiar words of welcome—this time over the Dewey Arch and the reviewing-stand, while the procession is passing. Only the effects of his skill will be visible, for the manipulation of the ingenious contrivances which make these effects possible will take place on the roofs of the principal buildings in and near Madison Square, from Twenty-third Street to Twenty-sixth.

No doubt the music, to which Dewey's sailors and the host which is to follow will keep time is going to be accepted as one of the most enjoyable features in a day so entirely "taken out of the calendar" by its wealth of novel experiences and sensations that we can but lightly touch on some of its chief events in giving a brief synopsis of the whole. And it is safe to say that a rare musical treat is in store for all who will be within hearing of Sousa's tuneful marches. Mr. Sousa, who made a free offer of his own services and those of his band for this parade, has been quoted as saying:

"The occasion of the home-coming of the great Admiral and his brave men is one of much importance. I shall endeavor to get the greatest body of players ever brought together. We want a volume of tone that will thrill the people. The band will march ten file front. The first line of ten will all be slide-trombone players, the best that can be had. There will be twenty cornets—enough to fill two ranks. A tremendous volume of tone is desirable, and I will spare nothing to secure it. There are about one hundred good musicians residing in the East who have at times played with my band. G. F. Hinton, my manager, will go to New York in a few days to engage the fifty extra men and the fifty for the drum-corps. Thomas Hughes, who was a drum-major of the Marine Band of Washington, will act as drum-major on this occasion. If we do not give New York the biggest and best band Father Knickerbocker ever saw, it will not be because we are not going to make the effort."

As we have spoken of the difficult problems confronting the managers of the naval parade, it is only fair to keep in view the difficulties arising in the preliminary arrangements for the great event of the second holiday. Evidences of conflicting interests have not been wanting during the weeks immediately preceding the ever-memorable 29th and 30th of September. There have been heated discussions and pronounced differences of opinion. Nevertheless, the work of preparation for the city's welcome—planned and executed on such a scale and with such hearty co-operation of the sister States that it may fairly be called the nation's welcome—has gone forward with wonderful rapidity. The priceless elements of beauty and harmony in the details of the plans and in certain of the larger features, such as the triumphal arch, have, in spite of the extraordinary haste, been secured to an extent that is perhaps unexampled in the pleasant history of great popular festivals. We speak with confidence of the success of the Dewey days, as though the result, so earnestly desired, had already been attained and the days were in the past instead of in the future. This is but just tribute to the character and ability of the officers in whose capable hands the management of affairs has been placed. Fortunately, however, the days are still in the future; this is merely a programme—not a description; it is absolutely impossible as yet to realize to the full the meaning of the occasion.

On other pages of this number of the WEEKLY will be found a description of Admiral Dewey's victory in Manila Bay and a history of his career, the latter being limited in a fashion so inevitable and so obvious that we may easily fail to pay attention to the fact that it stops short with the present time. Of course? Yes, one cannot very well append imaginary happenings to such a story of actual experience. But the significance of the days just before us may be in part conjectured if we have in mind the importance of events which have preceded in this man's life, and judge of the unknown by the known.



MAP SHOWING THE ROUTE TO BE FOLLOWED BY THE LAND PARADE.

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The Youth's Companion's Volume for 1900

Brig.-General Joseph Wheeler, U. S. A.

while maintaining The Companion's character as a paper for every member of the household will, in its contributors and contributions, show the fruits of enlarged and strengthened literary resources.

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have been engaged to share in providing delight and entertaining information to the readers of The Companion. Among them may be noted:

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Major-General WESLEY MERRITT
Brig.-General CHARLES KING, U. S. V.

Captain CHARLES D. SIGSBEE
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BAG INSPECTION.

THE MAZY WALTZ.

TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THE BAND'S PLAYING FOR TIFFIN.

IDLE MOMENTS

THE FOURTH DIVISION ENTERTAINS AT DINNER.

WASH-DAY.

WILLIAM SNEATH,
Wounded aboard the "Raleigh" in the Action.

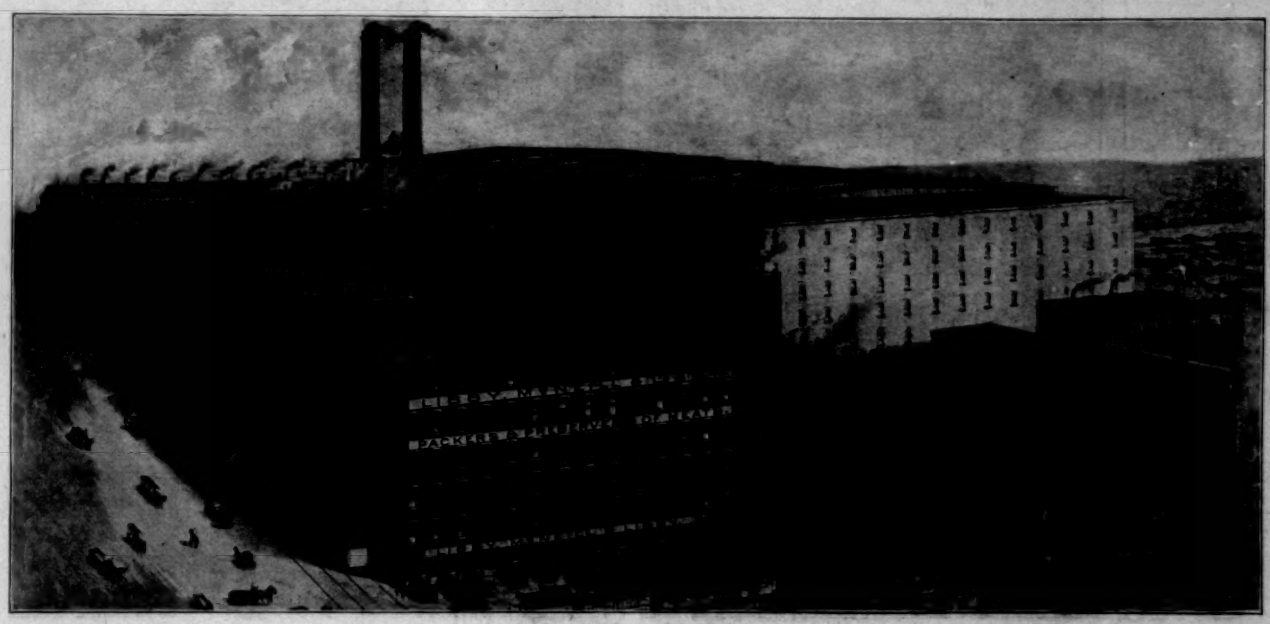
HOMEWARD BOUND WITH ADMIRAL DEWEY—LIFE ABOARD THE FLAG-SHIP "OLYMPIA."

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRANCES BENJAMIN JOHNSTON.—COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY GEORGE GRANTHAM BAIN.—[See Page 998]

The Home of Libby's Luncheons

A Few of Libby's Canned Meats

Compressed Corned Beef
Compressed Pig's Feet
Compressed Ham
Compressed English Brown
Sliced Bacon
Brisket Beef
Veal Loaf
Beef Loaf
Ham Loaf
Plum Pudding
Roast Mutton
Ox-Tails
Pork and Beans
Deviled Ham
Tongue and Beef
Potted Chicken and Turkey



A Few of Libby's Canned Meats

Ox-Tongues (whole)
Lunch Tongues
Lamb's Tongues
Breakfast Tongues
Libby's Wafer-Sliced Dried Beef
Vienna Sausage
Beefsteak and Onions
Club-House Sausage-Meat
Condensed Mince-Meat
Boneless Chicken
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Extract of Beef
Fluid Beef

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SELF-PLAYING MUSIC BOX

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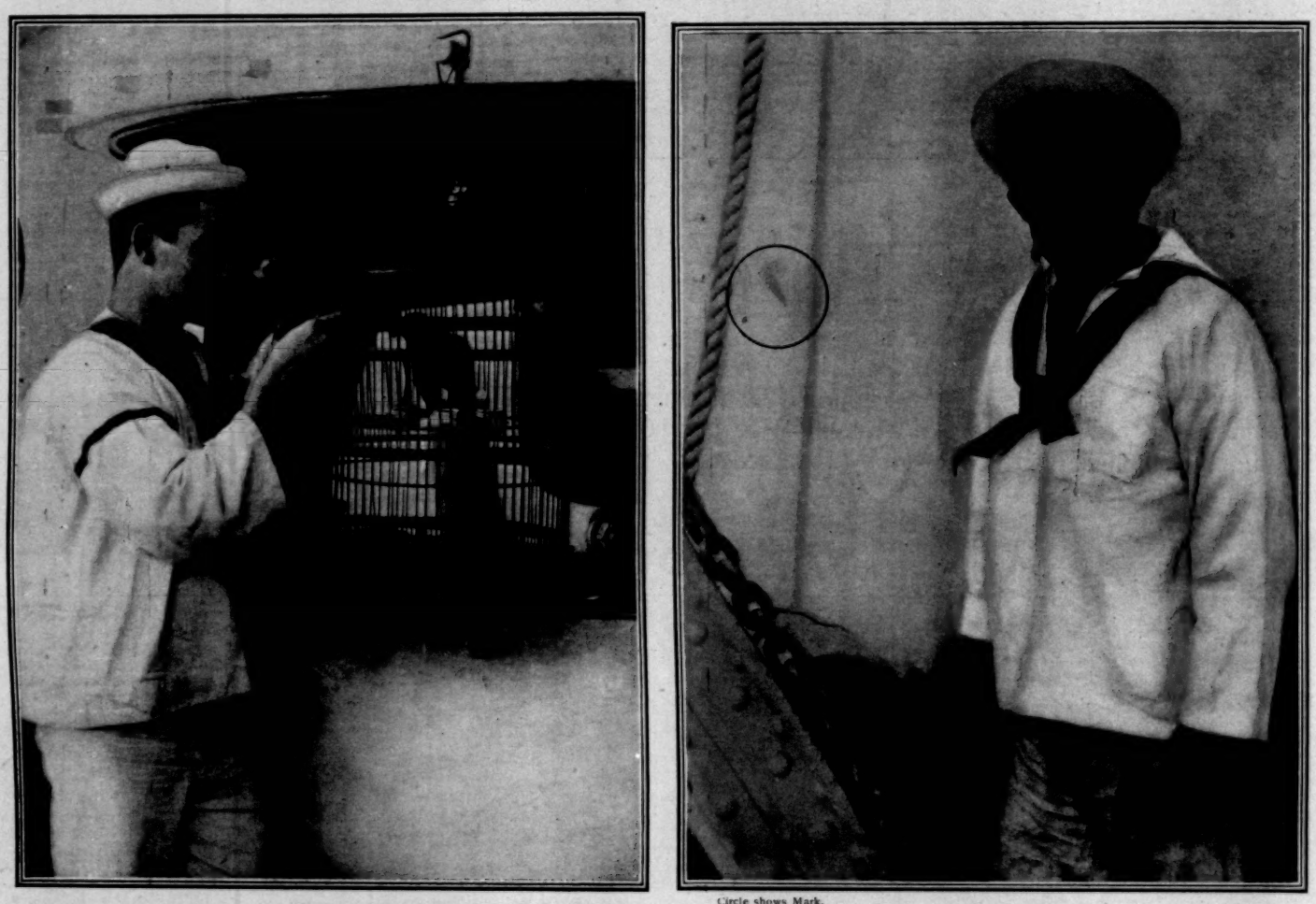

WOUNDED IN ACTION—THE BIRD WHICH LOST A LEG, AT MANILA.

Circle shows Mark.
THE "OLYMPIA'S" ONLY VISIBLE BATTLE SCAR.

THE BARBER SHOP. IN SICK-QUARTERS.

HOMEWARD BOUND WITH ADMIRAL DEWEY—LIFE ABOARD THE FLAG-SHIP "OLYMPIA."

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Toilet and Bath

Blowing Wool Soap bubbles is great fun, but it is greater fun to know that by using Wool Soap for all home purposes, especially for the Toilet and Bath, it means a saving in household expenses.

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The "SOUTHWESTERN LIMITED" is a superbly equipped train by the New York Central and Big Four Route between New York and Columbus, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, and St. Louis. Splendid service. No excess fare. . . .

The "WESTERN EXPRESS" is the New York Central's early evening train from New York to Cleveland, Detroit, Toledo, Chicago, and the West. A dining-car serves all meals. Connects in Chicago with all Western lines. . . . .

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A copy of "The Luxury of Modern Railway Travel" will be sent free, postpaid, to any address, upon receipt of a 1-cent stamp, by George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, Grand Central Station, New York.

Who says it doesn't fit? Papa says THE "MAC-HURDLE" FULL DRESS SHIRT has the only bosom that will not bulge and it's stylish because

it's LION BRAND and I rather guess HE knows.

The Lion Brand "Mac-Hurdle" Shirt is for full dress. The band attached to the flaps at the sides of the bosom buckles lightly around the body, absolutely preventing bulging or cracking of the bosom, however much you bend over, or whatever position you assume. This patented device is the only successful one for the purpose. The imitations it has aroused are only partially effective, so for satisfaction examine the label—look for "Mac-Hurdle."

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AMATEUR SPORT

TRACK athletics among clubs has fallen into such a state of inertia that only heroic measures will avail in an attempt to arouse it once again to healthful activity.

In the East this condition is a direct result of the great athletic trust the New York Athletic Club has been permitted to establish; in the Middle West the old monopolistic policy of the Chicago Athletic Association developed equally untoward results; in the far West, on the Pacific coast, the same desperate greed brought about similar ends.

And all this has been accomplished entirely within the letter of athletic law as laid down by the Amateur Athletic Union—governing body in the United States of non-collegiate athletics!

Clearly there is serious failing somewhere.

Now the same telling argument applies to athletic trusts as to trusts in tobacco, leather, rubber, *et al.* So long as monopoly is due solely to superiority of product, and not to extraneous and especially favoring aid that permits of dishonestly watered stocks and trade strangulation, there appears no menace to the industrial economy of the country. So long as an athletic club enlists and develops its runners and jumpers by methods that do not disturb the spirit of amateur sport, nor illegitimately oppress other clubs, there is no likelihood of athletic impoverishment or corruption.

The ruling spirit of fair play is to amateur sport what the balance of trade is to the general industrial economy; brigandage in neither is healthful, nor can be tolerated.

BRIGANDAGE, however, has been both permitted by the Amateur Athletic Union and tolerated by all the clubs entitled to representation at the annual meeting.

As in the League of American Wheelmen national assembly, hustling delegates from powerful organizations have swung the A. A. U. meeting to their liking, utterly regardless of effects on the sport, and, like the L. A. W., the A. A. U., after a puppet service, is on the verge of dissolution because of the predominance of politics where common-sense and sportsmanship should prevail.

For years the A. A. U. has allowed the large rich clubs to rob the smaller poorer ones of their natural home-bred material. For years a system of widespread recruiting has obtained which has prostrated the smaller clubs and laid waste the athletic prospects of district upon district.

If a novice shows promise, he is sought out by the rich club's emissary; if a small club develops a notable athlete, he is waylaid and tempted; distance of the athlete's home from the recruiting club does not lessen his chances of being "approached." He may live in Canada, Nova Scotia, Wisconsin, or California. It is all the same to the large club with an active agent and a generous annual appropriation for athletic sports.

But there has been no time when the A. A. U. with a very simple rule could not have stopped the traffic.

WITH such a system in vogue, the club with the most material inducements to offer has naturally been the one to acquire the most formidable array of those athletes whose self-respect stood so low as to permit of their becoming a party to this kind of negotiation.

To make sure there is no misunderstanding my meaning, perhaps I would better add that money is not a part of these material inducements. There may be occasions when the jingle of the shilling sounds the enrolment of a star by a large club, but I very much doubt it. At least I know of no such case in recent years.

But the inducements are the equivalent of money, for they represent board, liberal privileges, and at times the procuring of a clerkship in the club's city for some athletic star who has been plucked from a distant small club.

THIS is an old story, and I am retelling it to recall the causes that have put amateur athletics in its present extremity, and to enlist among sportsmen earnest aid for the fight the small clubs are now making for very life.

It has come to a point where either the grasp of the New York Athletic Club on the legislative throat of the Amateur Athletic Union must be broken, or the last surviving spark of life be crushed out of the small clubs, and consequently out of general club athletics.

No compromise is to be permitted. The day passed long ago when a midway, makeshift course could be depended on to supply the needed reform. Nothing short of wrenching from the N. Y. A. C. the license for unrestricted recruiting and of unlimited training privileges will put track athletics on a normal and therefore healthful plane. The present rule and custom that permits the New York Athletic Club to win local championships with college undergraduates residing in Wisconsin, Pennsylvania, Canada, and Massachusetts is too obviously unjust and malicious to permit of discussion.

THERE is a measure of alleviation for the immediate future if to the constitution of the Amateur Athletic Union are finally added the amendments touching college athletes and their representation of athletic clubs which the Metropolitan Association last week authorized its delegates to support at the next annual meeting of the A. A. U.

It is somewhat surprising that colleges should so ignore this menace to the ethical status of their undergraduates as to make outside legislation necessary. Thus we have a practical illustration of the inconsistency—and shall we say insincerity?—of college athletic sponsors.

Pennsylvania has led many excellent reforms within recent years, and has elaborated eligibility rules to almost limitless end—yet leaves the bars down in this most important direction of athletic-club representation.

The "athletic club amateur" has been discussed before in this Department. Pennsylvania is quite familiar with the type, and would wish, we should think, to get in line with the other colleges outlawing him. Yet, apparently, Kraenzlein, A. Grant, and Baxter continue in good standing despite their attendance at the N. Y. A. C. training-quarters. Pennsylvania and Columbia are the only two of the leading colleges whose athletes have been seen this season at the N. Y. A. C.'s training-table.

We cannot view as wholly healthful the college management of any branch of sport which permits its athletes to live for periods of several weeks at a time at the training-quarters of an athletic club one thousand miles from that athlete's home.

Nor do I regard the amateur status of such athletes as above suspicion.

THE amendments proposed at the Metropolitan Association meeting the other day in New York, pertinent to the subject I have been discussing, are as follows:

In Article X. of the Constitution of the A. A. U. strike out section 2, on page 12, and insert instead the following:

2. No one shall be eligible to compete in any athletic meeting, games, or entertainment given or sanctioned by this Union, unless he shall be a duly registered amateur athlete, a member of the organization from which he enters, and shall not have competed from any other organization during a period of three months next preceding such entry; nor shall any member of any club in this Union, or any club in any district in this Union, be allowed to compete in any case if he has within one year competed as a member of any other organization then in this Union or any affiliated organization, unless with the consent of such other organization, which consent shall be filed with the Registration Committee of his district prior to such competition, unless such other organization shall have disbanded or practically ceased to exist, provided that the requirements of this section shall not apply to any athletic meeting, games, or entertainment the entries for which are confined to members of the club or organization giving such meeting or entertainment.

The intention of this paragraph is the excellent one of preventing athletes migrating from one club to another, according as fancy dictates—and perhaps a new club tempts. But it seems to me some discretionary power should be left the Board of Managers to work justice to an athlete who has changed his *bona fide* address for purposes foreign to athletics. I think it well to leave some way of dealing fairly with the honest and deserving athletes.

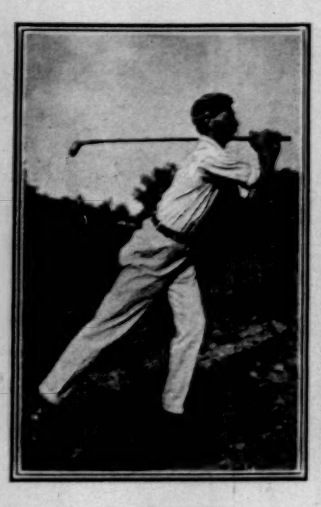
In Article XI. of the Constitution of the A. A. U. strike out section 15, on page 16, and insert instead the following:

15. Every athlete when he registers shall state his residence and what club he wishes to represent, and he shall not be allowed to change the club during the term of his registration without the consent of the Registration Committee of the district in which he resides. And when any registered athlete changes his residence from one district to another, he shall notify the Registration Committee of the district wherein he is registered, and such Registration Committee shall issue a transfer to the district in which such athlete intends to reside. No athlete who has been released from a club which is a member of this Union, and who competes for another club directly thereafter, shall be allowed to compete again for the club he was released from for one year from the date of his release, except that the club has disbanded or ceased to exist.

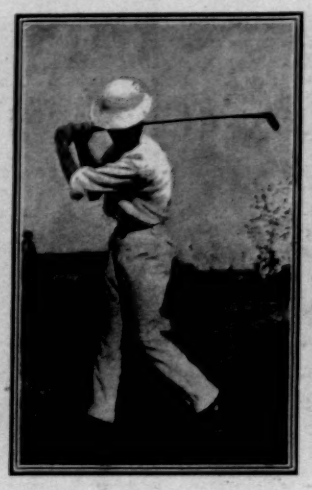
This is a perfectly fair ruling, and one in line with protection against brigandage.

No person shall be eligible to compete for or to enter any competition as a member of any club in the territory of any active member of this Union, unless he shall have resided within the territory of said active member at least four months previous to entering for competition; nor shall any person be eligible to enter or compete in any district championship meeting unless he shall have been a *bona fide* resident of said district for at least six months prior to the holding of said district championship meeting. And no person shall be eligible to compete in the championship meetings of more than one district in one year.

Here again the good intentions are apparent, but it



W. H. WAY
Finish of Drive.



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seems to me they go farther than the welfare of athletics demands, and may react with unwarranted severity on the well-intentioned individual, while, on the other hand, they leave a loop-hole for the unprincipled.

The evident desire, of course, is to provide against an athletic club enlisting college undergraduates who are not *bona fide* residents—it is, in short, to prevent the N. Y. A. C., or other such club, from operating a star team gathered from Canada and the far corners of the United States.

YET this rule does not accomplish that purpose. For instance, (1) "the territory of any active member" (club)—there is no present restriction on a club's recruiting territory, therefore that provision is meaningless. (2) What is there in this rule to prevent the athletes of Yale or Princeton or Pennsylvania, on the close of the spring term, taking up residence at the New York Athletic Club's training-quarters, Travers Island, and representing the N. Y. A. C. forthwith? They would all have been "four months" in residence within the N. Y. A. C.'s territory.

Nor would that rule prevent an undergraduate of Columbia, whose home was in California, setting up a "residence" in New York during term-time, and hence becoming eligible to represent any athletic club in the Metropolitan district.

On the other hand the four months and six months "immediately previous" residence clauses prevent a college man from representing his real home club during vacation—if he is an undergraduate of a college which permits him to represent athletic clubs—or from actively representing his home club, say immediately after graduation from a college which prohibited club representation during his undergraduate period.

Therefore this ruling would really retard healthful club development about as much as it would benefit it.

AS I view the situation, by the light of long study and familiarity with its symptoms over all this country, what is needed for the prosperity and health of club athletics is not mere suppression of undergraduate representation, but a rule forbidding representation of a club by an athlete not a *bona fide* resident of its own district. Absence of such a rule is responsible for the wrecking of small clubs, for the non-development of new material, and for the present track-athletic stagnation everywhere outside of the colleges.

What the present athletic situation demands is regeneration of activity in separated districts, and the object of these proposed rules is to make it impossible for clubs with no athletic scruples to tempt away the budding material of the small district clubs by offers of a bountiful training-table, luxuriant quarters, a country-club home during the heated term, etc.

In such a way, and in such a way only, can the moribund athletic body be galvanized into life, and these proposed amendments should be revised and simplified so as to strike with unequivocal exactness at the real evil.

Star-gathering by the New York Athletic Club, with the United States and Canada as a recruiting-field, is what has killed general club athletics—and there will be no life for them until such widespread recruiting is stopped.

Let us hope the A. A. U. delegates will on this occasion have the temerity to assert themselves, and not, as hitherto, submit to New York Athletic Club dictation.

WHEN the championship of a game supported by an Association of twenty clubs and (about) two hundred and fifty members must be abandoned for loss of two members of one team, or go by default to the solitary remaining entry for the national honor—it is time that Association and all its members seriously contemplated the significance of such a fizzle.

After twenty years of polo, then, there are just eight men fitted to contest for the championship. That is the lesson of the year 1899.

Evidence has been accumulating for several years showing that the first class was a fickle, and if not a dwindling, certainly not a growing one.

Last year there were but two entries for the championship! This year four clubs originally sent in their names, though one speedily realized that its ambition had outstripped its judgment, and withdrew.

Of the remaining three, Westchester (Newport), Meadow Brook, Myopia, the last scratched within a few days of the advertised tournament, because most likely it scented defeat, and lacked the quality to keep its appointment and, if need be, take its whipping like sportsmen.

Sudden family bereavement depriving Meadow Brook of two of its most serviceable members, W. C. Eustis and H. P. Whitney, and no worthy substitutes offering among Meadow Brook's thirty-six players, Westchester becomes the champion for '99 by default.

It would seem fitting for the Association to either get more first-class players into the game or return the gold cup, with thanks, to Queen Victoria's recently acquired subject, W. W. Astor, who offered it as a perpetual trophy.

IF the inconsequential entry list of last year and the championship fizzle of this teach anything, they point emphatically to the need of more serious thought in club development of class, and of more stringent ruling to facilitate its growth.

There can be no question that one of the deterring elements in class development is the absence of club loyalty. This is a sentiment which should of course need no artificial stimulant, but when it comes to pass that men consider gratification of personal vanity above the prosperity of the game, then is the time for the Association which stands sponsor for that game to make rules that will compel the support that loyalty should suggest. There is not a game of which I have any knowledge, and in which team-play is the essence of success, that has ever harbored the wandering star and attained permanent prosperity.

The stars are valuable—that one need not question—but they are only valuable so long as kept within the constellation. It is not the star that brings success to a club, but team-work—and continuous team-work of the first class is out of the question, unless class play receives requisite attention and frequent re-enforcement.

POLO as a game has suffered severely because its destiny has been shaped by a handful of men of whom a majority apparently regarded its mission fulfilled in supplying entertainment for the country club—and perhaps the settling of a few rivalries.

Thus there has been comparatively little incentive to the development of strictly first-class play or club loyalty. We can hardly with justice criticise men who have forsaken doubtful home teams to join star aggregations, because all their polo education has been along lines that make for utter selfishness and unmindfulness of the game's future.

There are many sportsmen in polo, but, too, there are a number whose consideration for the game or for the club is insignificant as compared with their desire to be on a winning team.

To be one of a winning team is surely a commendable impulse, but it would accomplish more for polo if this ambition were realized through the building up of the home-club material rather than by its disruption.

TWO things are very needful to polo prosperity—(1) a rule making players ineligible to any but their home teams in Association tournaments; (2) a great deal more encouragement given the second class.

In the case where a player has no home club, from a residential view-point, then he should signify at the first of the season what team he proposed joining, and not be permitted to be one of any other strictly club representative four that year.

Special provision could also be made for such temporary teams as that of Point Judith, or to perpetuate the old name of Westchester associated with Newport polo. Though, I confess, I fail to see the need of it.

Nor would confining players in Association tournaments to home-club representation at all conflict with the desire of those who like to see a meeting of the very best. There would be no objection to a special match at the close or at any time during the season between two teams made up of the top of the first class, irrespective of club affiliation.

Such an annual match would do polo good rather than harm, whereas the method pursued this season of reaching the same conclusion has done the game, from an Association view-point, harm rather than good.

But the direction in which most permanent Association development lies is in the second class.

There should certainly be some very strict rules made defining class limitations. Clubs should be encouraged to offer cups for teams within these provisions, and a tournament for the decision of the championship in the second class should be held annually—New York, Philadelphia, Boston, alternating as the scene of the struggle.

Not only will this encourage and thereby increase the second class, but, as a perfectly natural result, it will increase the first class as well.

THE first amateur and open championships of the Western Association on the links of the Glenview Club, a dozen miles from Chicago, marked the beginning of the sectional tournaments, which are so much needed to relieve the National event of a percentage of its entries, and the National Association of much detail it cannot do so well as the local bodies.

There should be, and no doubt there will be, sectional associations throughout the country. Several are required on the Atlantic coast alone, and one, the Metropolitan of New York, is demonstrating the advisability of having others.

The Western Association was organized last April, and has about twenty members, including clubs at St. Paul, St. Louis, Cincinnati, and Kansas City. Another association is needed for the Rocky Mountain section, of which Denver is the sport centre, one for the Pacific coast, one for the Allegheny section, and another for the South. Only by this division on geographical lines will it be possible for the National body to serve the best and general interests of the game. With delegates from each of these sections at the annual meeting, and each section represented by its champion in the annual tournament, the National Association will be indeed national in usefulness as in name.

GLENVIEW is an eighteen-hole course, and one of the best in the Middle West, its total length being 5700 yards, and its bogey score 79. With the exception of C. B. Macdonald, substantially the best of Middle-Western golfers entered the amateur tournament. No professionals of consequence employed in that section, save Herd, last year's open champion, failed to appear at the open event.

The amateurs as a class showed excellent golf, some names hitherto not seen after the preliminary round remaining in evidence well on towards the middle of the tourney. The semi-finals found W. E. Egan, William Holabird, Jr., D. R. Forgan, and R. T. Hoagland in evidence, and perhaps the most interesting match of the week was that in which Egan defeated Holabird by 1 up. They are both young boys—Holabird sixteen and Egan eighteen—with medal scores of 85 and 88 respectively. Though neither showed his top form in this match—and Holabird lost largely on poor putts—they are both promising players, who are certain to make an impression on the results of the next National. This is the second time Egan has defeated Holabird this season.

Forgan is a veteran, yet Hoagland, a mere novice, who has been playing scarcely more than a year, made a surprisingly good showing before Forgan's ultimate victory of 3 up and 2 to play.

The final between Forgan and Egan revealed how really formidable a game the latter is developing. It was not to be expected he would beat so experienced a player as Forgan, yet he is capable of much better work than he exhibited. Forgan secured the title of Western champion by as good form as he has ever shown, he winning by 6 up and 5 to play, and making one round of eighteen holes in 80—a stroke worse than bogey. His approach shots were particularly excellent. Egan was nervous, and on his next meeting with Forgan will make a much closer contest.

THE West is supplying its full share of winning golfers this season. In the National Amateur Championship Mr. Macdonald made the medal score, and now Willie Smith, Midlothian Country Club (Chicago), professional, has just won the open National event, after having taken the Western open the other day.

The open championship in this country was inaugurated in '95 with eleven starters, among whom only one was an amateur, over the then nine-hole course at Newport, and only thirty-six holes were played. Horace Rawlins won with a score of 173.

Last year the event was held over the Myopia course, and attracted forty-nine, of whom eight were amateurs; seventy-two holes were played, and Fred Herd won with a score of 328. Mr. Herbert C. Leeds was eighth with 347, and the next amateur was Mr. James F. Curtis, sixteenth, with 356.

This year seventy-two players, of whom sixty-one were professionals, started in the open championship, decided over the Baltimore Country Club course, which for its eighteen holes has a playing-length of 5419 yards. Willie Smith won with the brilliant score of 315 for the seventy-two holes, finishing eleven strokes better than the three men who made a tie for second place, and only five strokes worse than the score recently made by the open champion of Great Britain, Harry Vardon, over the course at Sandwich, England.

SMITH came from Carnoustic, Scotland, about three years ago, to the Shinnecock Hills Golf Club, where he remained until engaged by his present employer last autumn. He is only twenty-two years of age, but is said to have been as good at seventeen as he is to-day. At any rate, he is credited at that early day with two defeats of Archie Simpson, a player who stood high in the Old World fore ranks.

Smith is not at all a brilliant player, but one that maintains high-class form, with few mistakes, throughout, as his average of about 75 for each eighteen holes argues. Perhaps his great strength is in approaching, and in this most essential department of the game he appears to have few equals, and certainly no superiors in this country.

The youth of the more prominent professionals was noticeable, with Smith at twenty-two; Willie Anderson, who led on the opening day with 158 for thirty-six holes, about twenty years; and Jack Park, of the famous family of golfing professionals, who finished sixth and made a new competitive record-figure 75, is only nineteen.

FORM generally, of both amateur and professional, gave unmistakable evidence of the progress making in golfing skill. Fred Herd's figures of last year, 328, were beaten by five men and equalled by another. Mr. Leeds-secured eighth place in '98 with 347, but Mr. H. M. Harriman, the leading amateur at Baltimore, could get no higher than fourteenth place with 339, and the next amateur to finish, Mr. F. W. Menzies, was in the thirty-fourth place, although he made the same score (356) which last year gave Mr. James F. Curtis, who was the second amateur on the list, sixteenth place.

It must be confessed the amateurs, with the exception of Mr. Harriman, were a great disappointment at Baltimore. The professionals ran completely away from them on the opening day, Mr. Harriman being twenty-sixth with 175, Mr. Menzies next with 176, and Mr. W. J. Travis thirty-fifth with 180. Mr. Jenkins, who attracted some attention in the early part of the season by beating ex-amateur-champion Douglas, was fifty-one on the list of those who handed in cards the first day, with 186. Mr. J. A. Stillman was fifty-eighth with 195, and Mr. C. P. Lineaweaver, who gave such promise in the Amateur National event, was fifty-ninth with 196. Mr. W. M. McCawley's card showed 202.

Although the amateur skill has increased considerably over that of last year, and the number of first-class men multiplied, yet the gap between amateur and professional has not been closed a degree. Mr. Harriman was the only amateur whose work suggested possibilities in the way of reducing the present difference between the two classes. He played better than at Newport, when Mr. Shaw beat him, and it would have been interesting to see the latter at Baltimore.

NOT so many amateurs were entered as would have been the case had the tournament been held in the spring, as no doubt it will be next year, with the amateur championship scheduled for the autumn, rather than for midsummer, as this year.

The Baltimore course is hilly, but the turf is strong and thick, and the putting-greens 100 feet square and in first-class condition. The club's Green Committee left nothing undone to make the tournament the success it was.

With the advance made since last year in our golfing form, there seems little likelihood of our losing to Canada in the forth-coming international amateur match. We can put two teams in the field this year as strong as the one which beat the Canadians in '98.

"SHAMROCK" has made one performance in the last week which has done more to create uneasiness in some American minds than anything she had before shown. She bent on her racing canvas on Monday of last week, and then for the first time went over the international course, fifteen miles to windward and return.

The wind was blowing at about eight knots when she started, and freshening, it reached nine knots on the second mile, then went up to ten, and at the beginning of the run back was blowing fully twelve knots, and at the finish, fourteen. The sail to windward, which, with allowances for beating, may be said to have covered twenty miles, *Shamrock* did in 2 hours and 16 minutes. Returning, the wind hauled three miles after the start—so that it was a broad reach—and she covered the fifteen miles in 1 hour 13 minutes, running and reaching at the rate of over eleven knots an hour.

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She is a grand boat, and though I do not think she can defeat *Columbia*, she will come nearer to taking *America's* Cup than any previous challenger.

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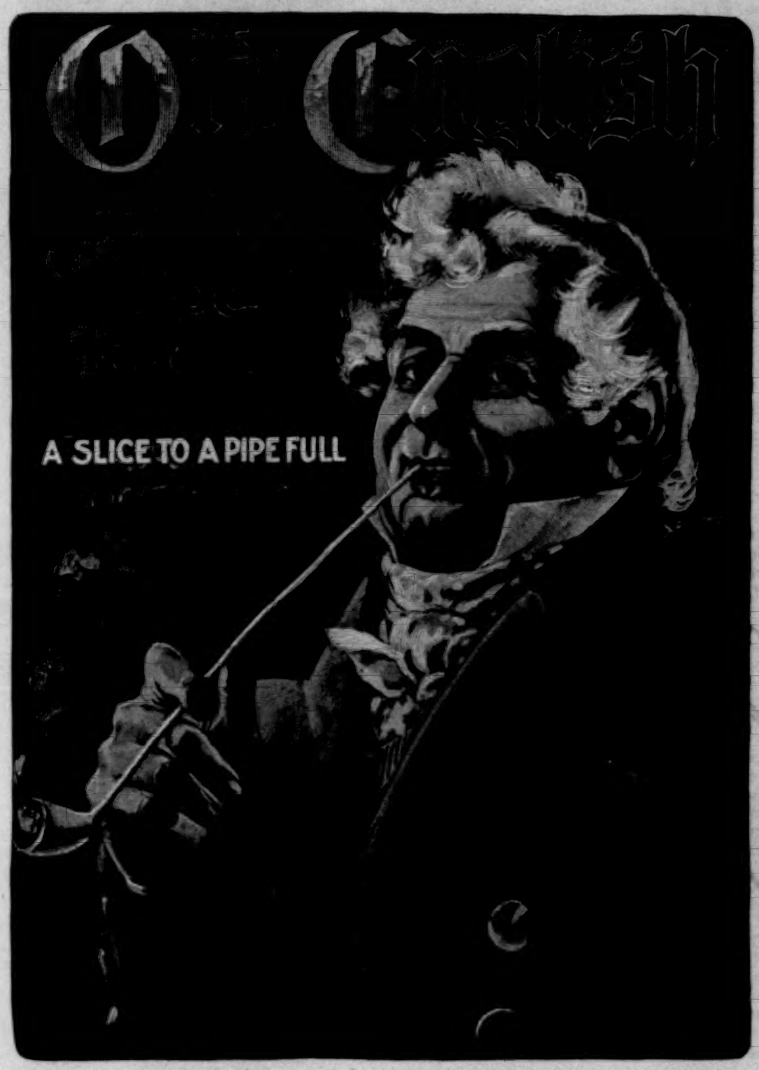

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"Olympia's" Voyage Home

AT four o'clock in the afternoon of May 20 Admiral Dewey started on his journey to the United States.

We can only devote a sentence in this place to the readjustment in the naval situation which his departure occasioned. Captain Albert S. Barker assumed command of the station, pending the arrival of Rear-Admiral Watson. We wish to trace briefly the flag-ship's course from Manila to New York; for the very names of the ports at which the *Olympia* stopped are names to conjure with, and merely to mention them would be like showing a series of pictures to an imaginative reader, even if "Life Aboard the Flag-Ship" had not been skilfully caught in the photographs reproduced on pages 990 and 992 of this issue.

The first stop was made at Hong-kong, where the Admiral very wisely "took his ease at his inn," gaining new strength in the cool air of the residence quarter, on a hillside high above the harbor. In wretched weather—a heavy rain driven by half a gale of wind—the cruiser sailed away on Tuesday afternoon, June 6. Farewell visits were made by the governor-general of Hong-kong and the British commodore; Consul Wildman and a few friends remained on board until the last minute; the elements, however, emphatically forbade a popular demonstration. At four o'clock, with the ensign at the peak, the Admiral's flag at the main, and a marine guard drawn up on the poop, the *Olympia* moved off; in honor of the cruiser *Powerful* she gave a bugle salute, and her band played the British national anthem, the Briton acknowledging the courtesy with a similar salute and the strains of "Hail, Columbia." The Italian admiral's ship also received and rendered the usual compliments.

Five days passed on the waters of the China Sea; then, on Sunday, June 11, twelve hours or more before she was expected, the *Olympia* arrived at Singapore. Among the local British officials there was a little consternation when it was announced that the visiting cruiser's good engines had brought her to port ahead of time. The governor, Lieutenant-Colonel Sir C. V. H. Mitchell, was out-of-town for the day, and the details of the prearranged reception had to be suddenly altered. But a young aide to the governor proved equal to the occasion, and everything went off smoothly. One of the incidents of this sojourn was a dinner given to the *Olympia's* officers by the officers of the Singapore garrison, on the evening of June 13. Two days later, Thursday, June 15, the Admiral was again at sea, bound for Colombo, island of Ceylon.

Early in the morning of Thursday, June 22, the *Olympia* reached Colombo, where the British authorities were *not* caught napping. On the contrary, the official welcome was extraordinarily prompt. An aide-de-camp of the governor of Ceylon, Sir Joseph West Ridgeway, came on board almost before the war-ship and the forts had finished their exchange of salutes. The colonel commanding the troops called at ten o'clock. When the Admiral returned this visit, an hour later, a guard of honor received him at the quay, and he was heartily cheered by the crowd that had assembled as he drove to meet Colonel Savage at breakfast. There was something in the sound of the British cheer that touched Dewey especially, and he found an opportunity to express himself on the subject while the sensation was still vivid. A deputation from the Planters' Association and the Chamber of Commerce waited upon him that afternoon, bearing gifts of value and a formal address. "That cheer raised on the jetty," said Dewey, in the course of his response, "went to the heart of all of us. We are fourteen thousand miles from home, but that cheer will be heard in America."

The scene shifts to Suez, and in the matter of time we have advanced to Wednesday, July 12. The long course had now brought Mediterranean prospects very near—indeed, the famous travellers had personal experience of the fact that the real gateway between the Eastern world and the Western world is quarantine. The *Olympia* was so closely quarantined that no communication with the shore was allowed.

On Thursday, July 20, the Austrian war-ship *Pelican* and the forts of Trieste replied to a salute of twenty-one guns which the *Olympia* had fired as she approached this Adriatic city. The stars and stripes were flying over the conspicuous buildings; the American minister played the part of host.

The next port was Naples, which was reached on Saturday, August 5; Sunday, August 13, found the *Olympia* at Leghorn—there to remain until August 21. The cordial welcome extended at these Italian cities was especially appreciated, in view of the barbarous injustice recently shown to Italians by citizens of one of our own States.

A French squadron fired the salute in honor of Dewey's arrival at Villefranche on Tuesday, August 22.

Gibraltar's batteries and the guns of the *Devastation* spoke, by way of contrast, on Monday, September 4, in reply to the *Olympia's* salute. On Sunday afternoon, September 10, the flag-ship sailed for New York.

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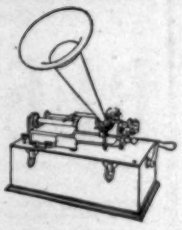
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The World of Finance

PRESIDENT ASHLEY of the Wabash Railroad Company, in his last annual report, said that the average rate per ton per mile for the freight transported over the road in the last fiscal year was 5.53 mills—a reduction of .071 mills per ton per mile compared with the rate obtained for the preceding fiscal year.

This seems an almost infinitesimally small reduction, yet it made a difference in the receipts for the year of $1,183,450, meaning a reduction of that amount in the net profits of the year. Much of the freight of lower classification, such as grain and coal, was brought forward from the West to the seaboard at two mills per ton per mile. Fortunately better rates were obtainable for first-class freight, for Mr. Ashley says the low rate would not pay the cost of transportation, not to mention the wear and tear of track and machinery, and that no railway company could reduce its average rate to this amount without going into bankruptcy soon afterwards. In spite of the fact that the tendency of rates has been downward, Mr. Ashley regards the railway situation as more favorable, in that the more active employment of all the machinery of transportation has led to greater stability in established rates. This lowering of rates it has been possible to meet in only one way—by reducing the cost of transportation; and to this all the energies of the operating departments have in recent years been directed. The pioneer in this was the president of one of the great transcontinental lines of the northern section of the country, who saw that the train-load was the object of first importance. No empty cars, and as many loaded ones to the train as the best machinery could pull, must give best results. To accomplish this, curves must be taken up, grades reduced, tracks ballasted, and relaid with steel rails, heavy in proportion to the demand for resistance to the pounding of the great driving-wheels. Then, too, old wooden culverts were to be replaced by stone, and wooden bridges by stone and steel, that they might bear the weight of the enormous new machines and cars of double capacity. The cost of what has been done, and some estimate of what remains yet to be done, may be seen from a study of the recent annual reports of railroad companies like the Wabash, the Southern, and the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul. The affairs of the country and of the railroad companies are so interwoven that a blow which brings disaster to the railroad brings also distress to the territory on which it depends for a living. The railroad company is a financial clearing-agent for the country through which it passes. The money it collects in freight and fares goes to pay artisans and laborers of all kinds, who are thus enabled to support families, thus in turn contributing to the support of others who benefit at third or fourth hand. Even if those who hold the securities were in all cases people of ample means, the above would apply, for statistics show that the return on the total capital invested in railroads is very small compared with total earnings. Perhaps the day will come when equitable laws for the supervision of this great industry will be passed by our national Congress, and State Legislatures will see the wisdom of according to it without cavil the rights to which it is entitled, as well as such reasonable favors as its services to society and trade justify. In most cases the securities outstanding represent about the actual cost of the properties, and where there is too large a margin it is generally represented by stock for which dividends are only remote possibilities.

The stock-market stood fairly well the disappointment that an extra dividend was not declared by the St. Paul directors, but was violently disturbed by the Transvaal complications and the sharp advance in rates for call money. So many stocks unavailable as collateral for loans were being carried in their customers' accounts that commission-houses felt it prudent to insist that they be paid for and taken up. In order to do this, many stocks of better class, for which there was readier market, were sacrificed, and severe declines followed. The banks have not in several years had so little surplus reserve as was shown in the statement that came before the break in prices, and the consideration that the banks were really in a better position than the statement indicated had little weight. It is regretted very generally that the system of averages is adhered to still by the associated banks in reporting the week's operations, but there does not seem to be any disposition to substitute a statement of their exact position at the close of business on a specified day. It seems now to be reasonably sure that we shall have higher rates all the balance of the year, though the demand should be less urgent after the middle of October at least.

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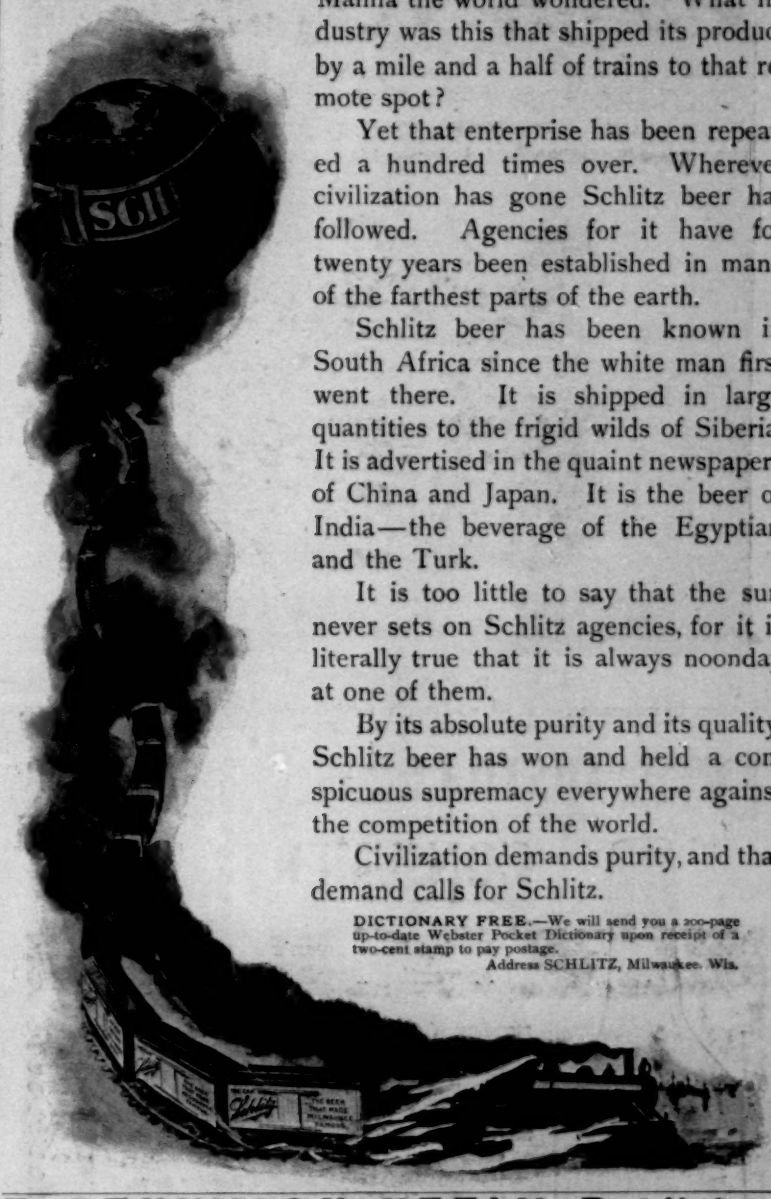

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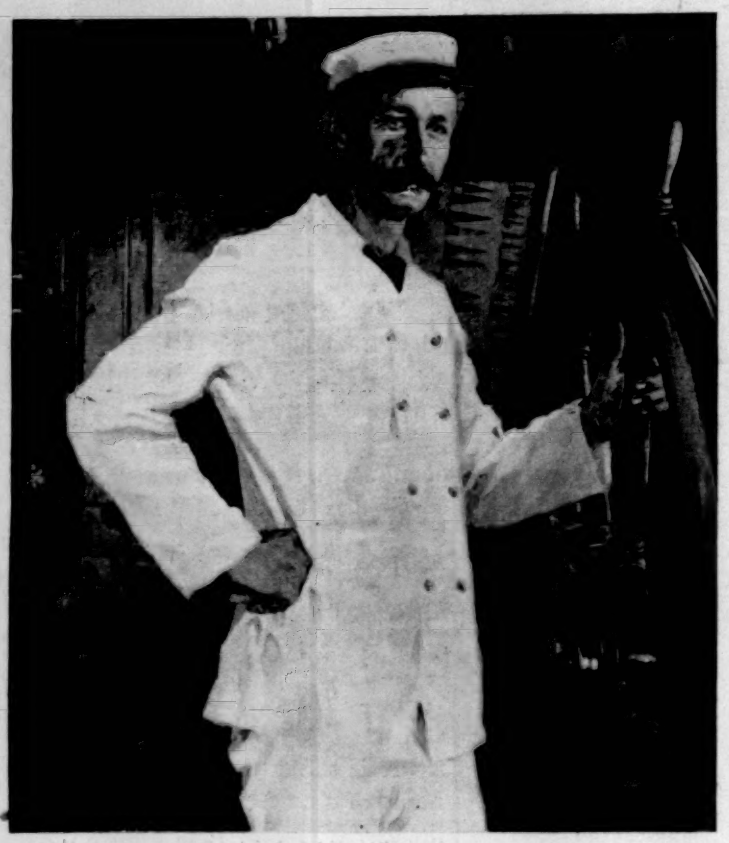

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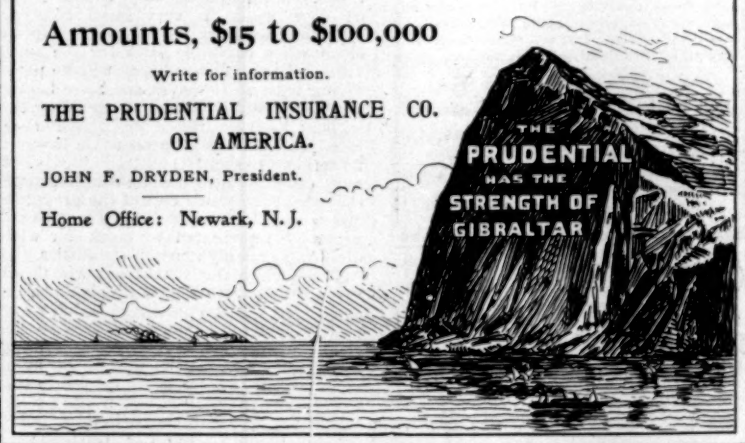

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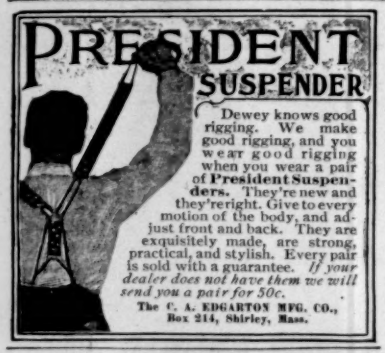

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